NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 45. Price Ten Cents.

GONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Thou art gone from my sight, but my heart still shall keep,
As bright as when living, thy face;
For the sweet one who loved me, though lying asleep,
Has lost neither beauty nor grace.
Did you think death could sunder, my darling, my own?
Not the grave itself keeps us apart;
That you could pass onward and leave me alone?
I have buried thee, dear, in my heart.

There, through Summer and Autumn, you still shall repose,
And there, when I plant in the Spring,
O'er the spot where they laid thee, the lily and rose,
Your voice shall unceasingly sing.
Thou art dearer to me than when first in my arms
I folded thee close to my breast;
The grave cannot rob thee, my loved, of thy charms,
As I kneel by the place of thy rest.

Dead thou art not! but only have gone on before
To wait in the Mansions of Bliss.
When I cross the dark river, and stand on the shore
Of a land that is fairer than this,
I shall see thee, and know thee, and thou shalt be mine;
For the blossom of love, which is given
To lend to humanity something divine,
Shall break into beauty in heaven.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;
OR,
THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and well approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
SHAKESPEARE.

With sunset ended croquet and the outdoor amusements; the band, recruited by fresh members, removed to Mr. Gregson's handsome dining-room, where a splendid repast was laid out, to which guests were thronging with an interest inborn of good appetites.

Sir Fielding, who had been greatly amused all the morning by watching the various groups, now filled a comfortable seat near the head of the table, and conversed with a literary lion, who wrote capital novels and wore a majestic mane of bright chestnut hair. Chudleigh was seated next the Marchioness De Corby, a radiant young wife of twenty, and found his time not so fully occupied but that he could glean a moment or two to watch the bent head of Lord Crownbrilliants, which completely hid the beautiful head of Carlotta from his view. All the morning Chudleigh had been seeking that face, and now ——

"Let me give you some of this *pate*. I can recommend it."

"No, thank you; but I should like some salad."

"Certainly. Salad, please. Did you win at croquet? Of course; why do I ask? I remember seeing the Marchioness De Corby's name on the champion lists at Eglinton," and so on through the whole wearisome land of small talk.

"Carlotta," whispered his lordship, "pledge me in a glass of Moselle. What is that s-song, 'Dwink to Me Only With Thine Eyes? Know it? Pwetty song, s-s-specially the words 'Come, you must take a good sip!'"—and he filled her glass—"and say after me, 'I pledge you, Carlotta'—no, not Carlotta; I say that, but C-Clawrence. Clawence is my name, you know—one of them, that is. I've-m-more than half a dozen, he! he! Now, t-then, I p-pledge you, Carlotta," he whispered, raising his glass and smiling at her with a victorious flush on his carefully preserved cheek; and she for the first time lifted her glass and her eyes, which met the stern, sorrowful regard of the dark, pained ones opposite.

"No, no," she whispered, almost hoarsely, setting the delicate glass down again; "I cannot drink now."

"All wight," replied his lordship cheerfully, though looking slightly disappointed. "It's a bore, dwinking when you're not thirsty," but he, it is to be presumed, was thirsty, for he emptied his glass.

At the head of the table Mr. Gregson discussed politics with two advanced Liberal lords, and was good enough to lower his voice and his sentiments so that he was not quite unbearable. Miss Bella was placed next the dissipated Marquis, and was discovering that their tastes agreed on every point—croquet, waltzing, dance music, and Fechter's acting—so it is to be inferred that she was content. Her sister had taken a boy-lord in tow, and was making careful play. Both, to use a sporting phrase, were "running well," as Mrs. Gregson smilingly noted from her post beside an aged peer, slightly deaf and very fidgety, who had sworn at one of the servants and broken two of the best glasses.

Maud sat listening to a discourse on the poetry of the last Academy pictures, delivered by Cecil Gervaise—listening gratefully and with a light in her lovely eyes that the young artist dropped all his eloquence for, while it tortured him with its beauty—tortured him because he knew he was powerless, clever artist though he was, to reproduce even the shadow of it. The rest of the illustrious company ate, drank, talked politics, intrigued, and flirted according to their several inclinations, and found every facility for doing each and all.

Dinner over, the ladies retired to the drawing-room to gaze at the prosecenium of the little theatre, and wonder if the actors would be punctual. Carlotta sank into an ottoman behind a window-curtain, and looked out upon the lawn with thoughtful eyes. Maud, who had been seeking her all the morning, caught the glitter of the white dress and went over to her.

"Carlotta, where have you been hiding all the morning?" she said, sinking to a low seat at her feet, and looking up lovingly into the dark, impenetrable eyes.

"Hiding!" repeated Carlotta, shrinking from her touch, yet summoning a smile to her cold face. "Hiding? Nowhere. I have seen you once or twice. There are so many people here."

"Yes; are there not? and they seem so happy and amused. Are you enjoying yourself?"

Carlotta started and looked at her scrutinizingly. Was she showing the storm of agony that was raging within?

"Enjoying myself, dear Maud? Of course. Are not you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the gentle girl, sighing at the almost harsh tone of the other. "Oh, yes; all are so kind and so clever. Here is Miss Gregson."

"Now, Miss Chichester, I have come to implore you to play for us. Pray, do not say no."

Carlotta rose without a word, and Carlotta, shrinking behind the curtain, was left to her own black thoughts.

"Sir Fielding, have you heard that Mr. Townley, your Member for Annsleigh, is very ill?" asked the Honorable Mr. Howard, holding his glass for some wine.

"Yes," said Sir Fielding, "and I was very sorry to hear it. This morning I sent my man over to inquire how he was progressing, but he had not returned when I left."

"My man caught me on the road," said Mr. Howard. "I regret to say that Mr. Townley has suffered a relapse."

"Dear me," said Sir Fielding pityingly. "I hope ——"

"Ah! so do I," rejoined the Honorable, while two or three others echoed him. "Things are critical now, very; and we could not afford to lose the seat."

The Honorable Mr. Howard was a Tory.

"Should we lose it?" asked Chudleigh gravely.

Mr. Howard shook his head seriously.

"The other side are strong," he said in a meditative voice, "and pushing. The workingman movement has lifted them miles, and certainly I should be doubtful."

Sir Fielding glanced at Mr. Gregson, and saw that gentleman flash up.

"You need not be doubtful, Mr. Howard," he cried in a triumphant voice, yet with just enough of respect in it to keep it from being offensive. "You would be sure to lose it. Warrington, the factory town, is incorporated with Annsleigh now, you know, and our interest there is strong."

"I was thinking of that," said Mr. Howard, smiling. "But be not too confident, Mr. Gregson; we fight hard, you know."

Mr. Gregson laughed heartily, but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"It's a foregone conclusion," he said.

"We shall see," replied Mr. Howard gravely.

"Mr. Townley is not dead yet," said Sir Fielding gently, and the others colored.

"And I hope he won't die!" exclaimed Mr. Gregson honestly. "I'd rather lose the seat than a neighbor."

This lucky speech set the company straight again, and Chudleigh seized the slight pause to introduce the hunting topic, knowing that the people round him were always willing to hunt the fox, whether the ground were a rough bit of country or a shining mahogany table.

When the gentlemen reached the drawing-room the actors had arrived, and the band had commenced the overture. Seated in comfortable chairs and lounges ranged in the form of an auditorium, the company thoroughly enjoyed both the rest and the farces, and when the curtain fell everyone applauded most heartily. Mr. Gregson looked delighted as the Marquis Lantry exclaimed, in a voice loud enough to be heard by everyone in the room:

"Glorious! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life!" and a general murmur of appreciation rose from the rest.

"They have played well," assented Mr. Gregson with smiling satisfaction. "I am glad I thought of theatricals."

"A most happy idea," said Sir Fielding. "Ah, here they come before the curtain," and he joined in the plaudits.

"Now," said Mrs. Gregson in an audible whisper to the ladies as the lights were turned up, "I daresay they have covered the lawn in; let us go and see."

With surprise everyone followed her out of the room, and, walking onto the terrace, was astonished to find an enormous marquee erected on the lawn.

"A ball!" exclaimed the Honorable Miss Cornthwaite.

"Only a simple dance or two," simpered Miss Lavinia.

And in an instant the ladies had retired to rearrange their hair, deck themselves with flowers, and make other terpsichorean preparations. Smooth as velvet, the lawn was no more unpleasant to dance upon than a carpet, while the fresh Summer-air that stole through the crevices of the gaudy tent kept the spirits elevated, and made it impossible for anyone to feel weary. The croquet, the dinner, and the theatricals had been a success; and now the ball promised to be a crowning triumph. Chudleigh, who had danced the first quadrille with the little maiden who had been taking lessons in archery from him during the morning, found himself marveling at the high spirits and astonishing gayety of everyone around him, forgetting that not everyone was, like himself, troubled with the heartache. Once or twice he caught sight of Carlotta; both times she was dancing with Lord Crownbrilliants, and he had longed to leave the scene which brought him nothing but pain; but he had resolved to play the man and see the night out, and so he stayed.

"Won't you have some wine, Mr. Chichester?" asked Tom Gregson, coming to him where he was lounging against one of the poles. "Come along. There's a deuce of a crush, but we can get through it."

And Chudleigh, who no more wanted wine than he did a washing-tub, consented to be shown a particular corner of the long table, where he could secure some wine quietly.

"I mustn't stay," said Tom, looking particularly happy; "Miss Chichester has been kind enough to give me the next dance."

"Off with you, then," said Chudleigh with assumed gayety, and Tom hurried away.

The next was a waltz, and Chudleigh, hoping to lose something of his pain by a course of twirling, looked round for a partner.

"Will you give me this?" he said to Mrs. Vavaseur.

"With pleasure, Mr. Chichester," said that lady. "I could not refuse so old a friend."

"Not so true a one," said Chudleigh with a touch of his father's courtliness, and he led her off.

"Thanks, thanks," she breathed when they had been whirling for some little while. "I have enjoyed that so much. You have my very step. Tell me, Mr. Chudleigh, why do you not dance more?"

"I am getting an old man," said Chudleigh with a smile that was not altogether a merry one.

The worldly beauty tapped him with her fan.

"That's a tacit reproach for me," she said with a bewitching smile. "Get me an ice; then you shall sit down."

Chudleigh got the ice and sank down into the seat beside her.

"What a number of people are here!" she said. "They have the pick of the county. Well, they deserve it, for I never knew anything better done."

"Capitally managed," assented Chudleigh; "everybody enjoying themselves immensely."

"Excepting Mr. Chudleigh Chichester," thought the lady; then aloud she said: "Do you know Miss Lawley? Lawley, isn't it?—the lady in the white dress, with young Carsbrook? Lord Crownbrilliants is looking at her—see."

For Chudleigh had seemed slow in picking out the young lady alluded to.

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently, "very well."

"She is very nice, is she not?" asked Mrs. Vavaseur.

"Very," said Chudleigh, almost bitterly.

"I thought so," replied Mrs. Vavaseur. "One can always tell by a face. She flirts, though, I am afraid. I have seen her with Lord Crownbrilliants in the true coquettish style. Ah, here is my next partner. My husband—thanks."

Chudleigh could endure it no longer, and, parting the curtains of the tent, stepped into the open air, followed by a burst of music and the ripple and buzz of laughter.

"How much longer?" he muttered, pulling out his watch. "I have vowed to stop it through, or I would go. I would rather die a thousand deaths than stand by and watch her play with that idiot. Was it necessary to brazen it out so to set the whole room agape? O Carlotta, Carlotta!"

As the words were wrung from him in his agony he fell into a rustic seat and hid his face in his hands. The rustle of a dress startled him, and, looking up, he saw the woman he was calling upon come into the starlight. In the dimness he could see that her face was white, and that her hand was pressed against her heart. In a second his anger and bitterness had gone, and, with all his love in his voice, he murmured her name and strode towards her. She started, and with a suppressed murmur turned her face towards him.

"Carlotta!" he breathed hoarsely, "why do you shun me? At least you might have some pity ——"

"Pity!" she murmured, vacantly staring at him with strained eyes.

"Yes, pity on me and yourself," he repeated, stretching out his hand to take her arm.

But she shrank back, and, with a shudder of horror cried piteously:

"Don't touch me—don't touch me!"

His heart seemed to die out in his bosom, and, pressing his hand to his forehead, he said brokenly:

"Carlotta, is it ——"

"Too late—too late!" she moaned, covering her face with her quivering hands. "I am his!"

Chudleigh lifted his hands with a gesture of despair and entreaty as a groan broke from his lips. She was moved, at the signs of his agony, almost to madness; she caught at his clenched hand, but the next moment a man's figure came from the tent, and Lord Crownbrilliants' voice, thick with wine and excitement, cried:

"C-Carlotta, I s-say, you promised me this last d-dance."

And the bent form raised itself to its full height as the beautiful voice—with a calmness that must have cost its owner untold agony—replied:

"And here I am, my lord—I never break my word."

CHAPTER XXI.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.—SHAKESPEARE.

"You both seem worn out," said Sir Fielding, leaning back amongst the cushions of the carriage as it sped towards the Hall, and stroking Maud's hand, which rested on his knee.

"I am rather tired," replied Maud, "and I am so glad they did not keep it up very late, although I have enjoyed myself much."

"It has been a long day," said Chudleigh curtly, his head bowed upon his breast.

"A very successful one, too," said Sir Fielding. "I am very glad. Gregson is a very worthy man, very. Heigh-ho!" yawning, "I am sleepy. Ah! what's that?" he added quickly, as the carriage was brought to a sudden stop, and the horses' hoofs could be heard stamping on the road.

Chudleigh opened the door and leapt out.

"What is the matter, Watson?" he asked of the coachman.

"I don't exactly know, sir," replied Watson. "The near horse started at something; indeed, they both seemed skeered."

"Frightened? Did you see or hear something?" asked Chudleigh, listening himself.

"No-o. I fancied I saw something strike across the road, but I'm not sure, sir," replied Watson, whose vision was slightly affected by champagne and port from the servants' hall.

"Poachers," said Chudleigh wearily, returning to the carriage. "Drive on, Watson."

And the horses, after a little coaxing, trotted off again.

It was about three o'clock when Maud stood at her chamber-door with her tiny filagree candlestick in her hand, and kissed Sir Fielding and Chudleigh.

"Good-night, dear Chud. I am not at all sleepy nor tired, but you look worn out."

"I am tired," said Chudleigh, avoiding her eyes. "Good-night, Maudie."

And, taking her lovely face in his hands, he kissed her forehead and strode off to his own room.

"Poor Chud.," murmured Maud lovingly. "If I were Carlotta, I think I could not help loving him."

Then she sighed herself, and, sitting before her glass, covered her face with her hands.

"I wish I felt tired," she murmured. "I shall not sleep for thinking. How glad I am to be at home alone again! I like to be alone —why, I wonder? Because when all is quiet I think of the soft, sweet music, and can see the grand, beautiful face!"

And, sighing, she unloosened the diamond clasp on her head, and let her hair fall in a glorious shower on her ivory shoulders. As she did so she looked down and missed a little diamond cross that should have hung on her bosom.

"My cross!" she cried. "Papa's last gift! Oh, dear, what shall I do? Let me think. I had it when I started; it was safe when I was in the carriage, for I remember seeing it when I threw my cloak for air. I must have dropped it on the stairs or in the room."

Then she looked round the floor and about her feet, but could not see it.

"It must be on the stairs," she thought. "I wonder if I am brave enough to creep down and find it?"

After a moment's hesitation she took her candlestick, and, holding it above her head, softly opened the door and stole out on the corridor. Stair by stair she searched, but in vain; and when she had examined the long hall where she had walked, and reached the door, she felt convinced that the trinket had dropped from her neck when she alighted from the carriage.

"Papa's present," she murmured, gazing at the huge door wistfully. "I do not like to lose it, and I am sure it is lying on the steps. I wonder if I could unfasten the door? No—it is too heavy! Wait. If I am brave enough I could undo the drawing-room window and walk round! Oh, no, no! I am afraid! But papa's present! I will do it."

And, nerving herself to a pitch of courage that astonished her, she drew the silken cloak round her head, and stole into the drawing-room. It required a continual repetition of "Papa's present" to keep her to her purpose, and her heart nearly stopped beating as the window creaked on its hinges, and she stepped out into the night. But the cool, fresh air sent a thrill of pleasure and renewed courage through her frame, and she ran lightly round to the front, by the grim lions that stood rampant on the huge marble slabs, and stooped down to search for the cross.

"Ah! here it is. I knew it would be here!" she exclaimed as she saw the glittering bauble lying at the foot of the stone steps, and she sprang towards it.

At the moment her fingers touched it a burst of the low, sad music that she knew so well broke out upon the air and floated towards her, and, pressing her hand to her bosom, she started to her feet, gazing in the direction from which it came with white cheeks and frightened eyes.

"He is here! here! He will see me!" she thought, and tried to dart away, but her feet seemed chained to the ground, powerless to move.

In two minutes the feeling of fear had given way to that of delight—the subtle melody was stealing over her senses.

"Near!" she murmured through her parted lips. "Near! how near! It seems to call me. Does it, I wonder? If so, I must go!" and she commenced trembling.

The music grew more distinct. To her ear it assumed a voice calling, commanding her. Slowly she stretched forth her hands, and, with every appearance of a somnambulist, moved quietly, slowly in the direction of the wood. Suddenly the music ceased, and with it the trance, if trance it was. With a cry of love, alarm, surprise, all mingled, she stood still and tremblingly wondered how she could get back. While she stood so a sound broke upon her ear, and sent the blood to her heart in a rushing stream. It was a groan. Whose? Whose else but the being who had summoned her by the heavenly music? Casting off all fear, she sprang into the wood, her shining hair half escaping the silken hood, and falling in a sheen down her back. Guided almost by instinct, she threaded the think trees, and, with a sudden cry, fell on her knees beside the still figure of a man stretched upon the bright, mossy grass.

"It is he!" she moaned, bending over the grand, uplifted face of Maurice Durant, white, deathlike and set. "He is dead. No, no. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? He may die!" and she threw her arms round him, as if by so doing she could hold him to life.

Then, with her hair falling in a flood upon her bosom, her agonized eyes, and full luminous with the divinity of love, fixed upon his closed eyelids, her lips parted and letting the breath through in quick, noiseless, terrified gasps, she remained for a minute; then she shrank back, murmuring:

"If he recovers he may be angry with me, may hurt me!" and, oh, marvelous mystery of love, a thrill of delight ran through her at the thought of being in his hands, even though they clasped her in anger. "He may kill me. What shall I do? O Maud, Maud, courage! Water? Where is the stream?"

Quick as lightning she sprang to her feet and caught up the rough cap lying beside him, then ran to the stream; in a minute more she was bending over him, moistening his dry, hot lips and cooling his forehead, her fingers lingering each moment with a timid caress. While she did this in the pale light of the stars the bushes behind her parted noiselessly, and a man's head was thrust forward. As its dark, flashing eyes rested upon the two silent forms, they lit up with a blaze of savage glee, and a tawny, sunburnt hand was dashed against the full-lipped mouth to prevent the cry which the watcher in his joy almost uttered. For two minutes he stood thus, drinking in the scene; then, with a fiendish smile upon his sallow face, he stole like an Indian from the spot. At a hundred yards distance he paused, and, throwing up his hand, muttered:

"Am I dreaming? Am I mad, or have I found him again? O ye saints or fiends, how ye do befriend Spazzola! Found him again when all hope was gone—found him, and how? Who is the beautiful, his light-o'-love? No—he has no light-o'-loves. Ah! I have it. Spazzola, your fortune is made—thank the girl for it. O ye fiends, smile on! keep the luck with Spazzola still, and he is made," and, muttering huskily, with a savage joy in his leopard eyes he crept on.

At the fringe of the wood he stopped and imitated the cry of the cuckoo. It was echoed once, twice; then three men came forward stealthily and soft-footed, like panthers.

"Well?" asked the first, the thick-set ruffian we have seen in the public-house at Hatton Garden, "well?"

"No avail, *mio amico!* The house is bare and naked. Everything gone but a dog!"

He shuddered.

"What! a bloodhound?" asked the Englishman in a tone of disgust.

"Aye, a bloodhound. Bah! I think I feel his fangs at my throat now."

With a thrill of horror the three men shook their heads.

"Confound it!" growled the man called Bill. "I'ate a bloodund, and I aint a-goin' in for one. Look here, this cr'ps no go ——"

Spazzola shook his head decisively.

"We're agreed on that. Well, let's go in for the other."

"Soh! it is done!" said the Italian.

"No, it aint, not nearly," returned Bill in a tone of contempt, not understanding the Italian's peculiar mode of expressing himself. "You talk as if cracking a crib were as easy as fly-faking. You don't know anything about the bis'ness. Leave this job to me; wait about the crib so as to bear a hand if anything goes wrong, and I'll share like and like, swelp me never!"

Nodding their dark heads assentingly, the three Italians dropped on their hands and knees to follow the English burglar, Spazzola looking back over his shoulder with a gleaming eye at the dark outline of the desolate Rectory.

Maud, watching the still, white face, with its heavy lines drawn by the hand of sorrow and privation, saw, after she had bathed the cold forehead, which was as white as her own, the lips move with an expression of consciousness. Shrinking back with a feeling of thankfulness not unmixed with alarm, she waited for some other sign of returning life. It came. Raising his hand to his head, Maurice Durant felt the water upon his brow, opened his eyes, and, seeing a figure kneeling beside him, sprang to his feet with a fierce scowl. Maud shrank back trembling, expecting he would clutch her by the throat as she had heard he had grasped the poacher; and when Maurice bent his head down and seized her arm, she uttered a piteous little cry, and fell against his knees. Her hand dropped as from a snake, and, recoiling with a startled look, he said:

"Who is it? Not ——"

"Yes, I—Maud," she sobbed in an agony of emotion. "You will not hurt me? I—I—found you lying on the ground—dying, I thought. I knew you would be angry if I stayed, but—but I couldn't leave you there, lying all alone, so ill ——"

His head dropped upon his bosom and he passed his hand across his brow with a groan.

"You should not have touched me," he said in a low, ringing voice. "I have been ill—I am seized thus sometimes. Have you been here long, senora?"

Maud started, and, looking, saw that his eyes were still dim and half-unconscious.

"Not long," she murmured tremblingly. "You are still weak; will you not lean against the tree?"

"Weak!" he said, starting and looking down at the violin, which lay near the spot on which he had fallen. "Ah, I remember. Where is Tigris—I bid him guard the house—and you—how came you here?"

"I ——" said Maud; then stopped.

How could she tell him that his music had drawn her thither?

With a quick look that told her he had read her thoughts, he said:

"It is late. You should not be here. The brambles have torn your dress; your hands are scratched, too. Come."

He turned to go. Not one word of thanks had he uttered. She noticed it even as she turned to follow him, but thought nothing strange in the omission. All he did or left undone seemed best. They went on a dozen yards, he brushing away and breaking down the tangledwood at each step; then he turned his head.

"You are tired," he said with a sweet, grave smile that lit up his features till they became transformed. "I will carry you."

She shrank back, but his outstretched arms clasped her round as if she were a new-born babe, and, giving herself up to the maddening delight that filled her soul, she, with a sigh and the quiver of an Autumn leaf, nestled against his breast, her head drooping on his shoulder. Silently he strode on, crushing the undergrowth beneath his heel, his hair blown now and again across her cheek, his breath fanning her bare arm; then, when the terrace glimmered in front, he knelt down, and, with ineffable grace and tenderness, set her on the ground. Her hand lingered round his neck with a caress which, struggle as she might, she could not repress. Opening her lips, she breathed as one breathes when waking from a long sleep of delicious dreams. With his keen, dark eyes fixed upon her face, and, reading it as clearly as one reads an open book, he shook for one instant as he saw the look; then, gathering himself together with the shake of a lion or his own dog, said, almost sternly:

"You are safe, child. I will watch you until you enter the house. Go, and visit not the wood at night again."

Fixing her eyes eagerly on his face, as if anxious not to lose a single word he spoke, she quailed at his harsh tone; then, lowering her head upon her bosom, turned, and without a word glided across the lawn. He stood watching her girlish figure until it had disappeared into the house. Then, with his lips closed tightly, as if to stifle the passion at his heart, he strode back into the wood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MISS KATHARINE MUNROE AS MLLE. LANGE IN "MADAME ANGOT."

STEPHEN KEMBLE AND THE SAILOR:
A GREENROOM TRADITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

During several seasons Stephen Kemble was the lessee and manager of the old theatre in Sunderland, County of Durham, England. The dilapidated playhouse was situated in a dirty, narrow street called "Drury Lane," adjoining the shipping and the lower portion of High street. Here his brothers John and Charles used to visit him, and play occasional brief engagements. Indeed, Charles Kemble married in this North-country sea-port, on the occasion of one of his visits, the Miss De Camp* named in the following playbill, which, it may be stated, the present writer copied, a few years ago, from an original bill in the possession of a gentleman of Newcastle-on-Tyne:

BY A SHORT SEASON.—THEATRE SUNDERLAND.
ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1804,
will be produced a celebrated comedy called
THE DRAMATIST, OR STOP HIM WHO CAN!

Vapid (with the original epilogue)	Mr Betterton
Floreville	Mr Pritchard
Lord Scratch	Mr Liston
Ennui	Mr. Chippendale
Willoughby	Richard Suett
Neville (from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, his first appearance here)	Mr. Mason
Peter	Mr. Bland
Lady Waitfort	Mrs Jones
Servant	Mr. J. Bland
Letty	Mrs. Pritchard
Louisa Courtney	Mrs Mason
Marianne	Miss A. De Camp

To which will be added a favorite musical farce called
OF AGE TO-MORROW.

Frederick	Mr. Liston
Servant	Mr. Suett
Baron Piffleberg	Lady Brumback Mrs. Jones
	Mr. Chippendale
Sophia	Miss Jones
Hans Molkus	Mr. Pritchard
Maria	Miss Kemble
Hairdresser	Mr. Bland

Tickets to be had of Mr. Graham, printer, and of Mrs. Stephenson, foot of Drury lane, where places for the boxes may be taken. Boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Doors to be open at six, and to begin at seven o'clock.

A good many traditions of the Kembles still lingered around Sunderland when the writer was accustomed to see the late Sam Roxby and Harry Beverly play in the rebuilt theatre a quarter of a century ago. After the play was over Harry Beverly was frequently seen in an adjoining hostelry behind "a yard of clay" and a jorum of punch; and in such a mellow moment he actually rolled off the following amusing yarn about Stephen Kemble:

It was during the war-times, and business was dull, when a man-of-war ship that had been long at sea came into Sunderland harbor, and sent her crew on shore with plenty of money to enjoy themselves according to their various inclinations. One of the man-of-war's men found his way to the box office of the theatre, which at this time was open only three nights a week. Inquiring for the manager, Jack told him, with the characteristic bluntness of a sailor, that he "wanted a play." "Very good, my dear fellow," said Kemble; "come to-morrow evening and you shall have two plays." Jack was not disposed to wait till "to-morrow evening." He wanted his play performed that night. After some bantering, and seeing that the sailor was very much in earnest, the manager referred to the little item of expenses. "It would require a considerable sum of money to raise the curtain," Jack was informed. "Money to raise the mainsail!" cried the tar, with a look of multitudinous contempt; "how much will it take?" "About thirty pounds," was the answer. Jack said not a word, but, drawing his purse from his bosom, counted down thirty guineas with imperturbable complacency. "What play should you like presented, sir?" asked the now obsequious manager, as he pocketed the gold pieces with evident satisfaction. "Play!" said Jack, chuckling at the idea of being "Sir'd;" "let me see. Aye, aye, give us Falstaff, sir—Sir John Falstaff. You have a fellow here, I'm told, who does that deuced well. Aye, aye, sir," said the tar with increasing good humor, as he ran over his theatrical reminiscences, "let me have the old boy with the round forecastle, built like a Dutch lugger, and lurching like a Spanish galleon in a heavy sea. D—— it! give me Sir John Falstaff! What a prime commodore the old fellow would have made had his worship lived in these times!" Having pronounced this eulogium on the character of most Sir John, the negotiation was closed, and all arrangements effected to Jack's entire satisfaction. One clause in particular was most imperatively urged—not a single scul was to be in the house but himself. "Scrapers," said Jack, "not a lubber of them must be seen either in the hold, the shrouds, or the tops, or, by the Dismede, I'll have him keel-hauled by the fiddlers!"

Night came; a few of the orchestra took their wonted places. The house was well lighted and everything in readiness, when, punctual to the hour, Jack burst into the lower gallery, and, running across the seats much in the way in which he would have run along the jolly-boat, he placed himself, with hat on one side and arms akimbo, in the centre of the front row. By way of overture he called for "Jack's Delight" and the "Sailor's Hornpipe;" and these being played to his satisfaction, he bawled out: "Now, my lads, clew up the mainsail and pipe all hands aboard!" The curtain immediately rose, and the play of "Henry IV.—Falstaff" commenced. Jack sat out the first scene with a good deal of patience; but when his favorite made his appearance with the Prince, in the second scene,

Three cheers our gallant seaman gave!

Sir John acknowledged the token of approbation with a low bow, and the play proceeded. With his soul in his eyes, and often manifesting itself in his feet, the sailor sat enjoying the rare humor of the inimitable Falstaff. He continued in evident delight as Sir John remained, and I am very proud of him, as you ought to be, to be sure." "That may all be," returned Aunt Sarah, putting down her knitting for the moment; "but if he wants to go a-shooting, why don't he be a respectable man, as your uncle was, and never went a-shooting in a team—he allers went a-foot." "But you don't understand, auntie," interrupted the young wife. "No, I don't understand, I suppose," rattled on Mrs. Pierpont. "It's different now than it was in my time. He used to fire shot and balls; and now they've got new-fangled weepons they call breeches and muzzle-loaders, although, for my part, I can't see any sense in loading guns with muzzles and breeches—they'd better put the muzzles on spitz dogs and wear out the pan's themselves, or give them to the poor. There's many a poor fellow who is out in the slack ——" Maria was by this time overloaded, and "went off" in suppressed cachinnation.

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."—A tramp, having been provided with a hearty breakfast, paused for a moment at the gate before departing and said: "Much obliged; I'll call again when I am this way."

"THEY SHALL MEET, THEY SHALL MEET."—Masons "meet on the square;" brokers meet on the corner; butchers' meat on the table.

"IT TAKES THE POT."—We asked old Podgers how his family were "getting along." He made answer: "My sons are 'going to pot' as fast as the Evil One can carry them, and my daughters are going to pottery."

LAW!—A party of "gin-tossers" have dubbed themselves "The Bar Association."

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—It is related that John McCullough, on a return to San Francisco from an extended starring tour, appeared at his own theatre to an immense audience. He was greeted with an enthusiastic reception, and made welcome in the heartiest and most demonstrative manner, although his personal identity was almost lost in the "make-up" for the character he was about to interpret. In fact, there was a moment after his first entrance that the audience hesitated till the leader struck up the inspiring strains of "Johnny, I Scarcely Knew You!" Then, in the classic language of the gallery, "the house *did* come down."

PITIFUL.—An actress of great beauty married rich, and was much envied till, recovering from the small-pox, she was much *pitied*.

IF THE OCCUPANT KNOWS ITSELF.—A burnt-cork artist wants a belle of the Varieties arrested for "contempt of court." He says that he "brought suit and court without avail." We think he had better "move for a new trial."

"TIME AND WIND-UP."—The man who is "out late" is bound to "get in early"—in the morning.

MY BIRTHDAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY KITTIE KNOX.

Another year is numbered with the past,
Another link is broken in life's chain,
Another memory is added to the last,
Another flow'r faded, ne'er to bloom again.

What doth the year which opens bright to-day
Hold unseen for my weary, aching heart?
The gentle breeze which wooed down lightly play
No omen is to me. My life is set apart.

Oh, me! the way is long, my tender feet are torn
By thorns which pierce and bruise and throb,
And, fainting by the way, in grief forlorn,
My life will yet be ended with a sob.

And yet I am but young—I have not reached
The table-land of peaceful, middle life;
But, looking back, I see behind me stretched
So much of trouble, misery and strife.

For me the sun ne'er shone as shine it might,
For me the rainy days came thick and fast;
Pray Heaven that some time I may reach the light,
That clouds may vanish for me at the last.

And when upon my grave the grass grows green,
And birds are singing all the long day through,
And blossoms bright entangled there are seen
In early morning diamonded with dew,

Ah, then I think I still shall feel the sun
Send its warm rays down through the cold clay,
Bereft of brightness here, there still is One
To brighten life in realms of endless day.

Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Dec., 1877.

YOUNG DAY THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

THE CLOG-DANCER.—Two soles with but a single thought—two feet that beat as one.

A DIALECTICIAN.—An amateur, whose *forte* was the impersonation of the "foreign element" and spoke the "broken languages" with fluency, in answer to the manager's inquiry as to "his line," answered: "I am a *direlict* comedian."

MAKING LIGHT.—Lighthouses guide mariners off the rocks, and managers on to them.

"IT BEATS THE DUTCH!"—A fair young friend, on hearing Gus Williams for the first time in one of his inimitable Teutonic warblings, exclaimed: "Oh, dear! what a nice, smart young fellow! What a pity he don't understand English!"

"JUDGMENT!"—A play-actor, having obtained a judgment against a star who had made an ambitious and unsuccessful essay as a manager, on meeting the luminary reminded him of the fact. "I have obtained a judgment against you. When do you propose to liquidate?" "At the Day of Judgment, of course," was the prompt response.

US ARTISTS [*Behind the scenes at Harry Hill's.*]—*Song-and-dancer:* I think I shall retire from the stage, salaries are getting so small in the variety business nowadays. *Serio-comic Lady:* Oh, no; artists can't expect big salaries. All the singers in the opera in Russia have been cut down as a war measure; and if they can stand it, I guess we can.

THE WILD-BEAST TAMER.—He asks: "Have you an opening for a lion-performer?" Manager answers: "No; I'm full of lying performers now."

THAT AWFUL BOY.—The parson dropped in the other day, and was no sooner seated than Master Bill made himself at home in the lap of the worthy divine. The reverend gentleman had just propounded some easy conundrums of the "twice-three" order, showing off the talents of the young Jacobuses to the no small delight of his fond mamma, when "Willie darling" spied the bare and shining poll of the man of piety, and, rubbing his hand over the hairless surface, blurted out: "I say, mister, did you wear your hair off standing on your head in the circus?"

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.—An actor named Toby, supposed to be lying at the point of death, surprised his friends by grimly exclaiming: "Toby or not Toby, that's the question!"

HUMOROUS.—Speaking of Sothern in the presence of Sarah Pierpont, the remark was made: "He is full of humor!" "You don't say so," she remarked. "What is he taking for it? Sulphur is good for humors; I used it in my family for more'n forty years."

THE STAGE.—A correspondent wants to know "How can I get a young friend of mine on the stage?" Speak to the driver, and have him stop the vehicle.

A SPIRITED.—Sarah Pierpont is "very plain-spoken." One of her nieces unfortunately married a "ne'er-do-well," fonder of his glass than his work, and, in the language of the aunt, "a poor, shiftless, good-for-nuthin' critter." Aunt Sarah was giving the young wife some points as to the proper management of husbands, when the niece interrupted: "You must know, Aunt Sarah, my John is a very spirited man." "Yes, I know he is, my dear," coincided the old lady, "that's how awful spirited—he's full the best part of the time."

MORE FOUL THAN FAIR.—A chap who had seen better days, being sent "on the island," found fault with the "menu."

A SHORT ONE.—The shortest man we ever knew was a giant on a sideshow; every time we met him he tried to borrow money.

FRIGID.—Do skaters "skim the ice" to get the cream?

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.—With all thy faults, I love thee, *still.*

A POST-SCRIPT.—Sarah Pierpont remarks: "When I was a gal I prided myself on my small foot, and I never missed going out on a muddy or windy day to show the boys my number-one shoe. Now right here in this week's NEW YORK CLIPPER a female gymnast advertises 'her great feat—the biggest ever seen.'"

THE CHROMO.—A professional friend of ours out of an engagement "secured *territory*" to canvas for a chromo, and left a copy for notice with the publisher of a local newspaper who "called attention" as follows: "Everybody should have one in the family; they are ornamental, and a good thing for flies to rest on next Summer."

CARDS.—England's best card—the Queen. The card Uncle Sam discarded—the King. The policeman's best card—clubs. The politician's best card—the knave. The society actress' best card—diamonds. The gravedigger's best card—spades. The lover's best card—hearts. The waiter's best card—the tray. The photographer's best cards—face cards. Wives give bad husbands—ace-deuce. Fox-hunters want—the whole pack. Barbers get—the edges. Dancers get—the shuffle. Rejected lovers get—the cut. Parents of triplets get—"three of a kind." Merchants get—the deal. Actors get—the play. Butchers get—the steaks.

A SHOT.—Sarah Pierpont says: "I've heerd before now about a 'son of a gun,' Maria; but I never expected a relative of mine would marry one." "Why, Aunt Sarah," expostulated the niece, "how can you talk so disrespect

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

LITTLE GIANT, Chicago.—1. No. 2. Billy Edwards, 5ft. 4¾in., 33 years old, 140¾lb out of condition; Arthur Chambers, 5ft. 3¾in., 30 years, 142lb. 2. John Dwyer is champion of heavy weights, through default of anyone accepting his challenge—Joe Goss won the last fight for the championship of America, his opponent being Tom Allen. 3. Edwards won the last fight for the light-weight championship, defeating Ooliyer. He subsequently declined to accept a challenge from Johnny Clark, and publicly announced his retirement from the P. R. and, of course, resignation of the title. 5. Joe Goss is 5ft. 8¼in. in height, and ordinarily scales considerably over 200lb. 6. Jim Mace and ordinary scales considerably over 200lb. 6. Jim Mace is in Australia. 7. We have no knowledge of "Nigger" Brown having appeared as a principal in a ring fight. He succeeded Jim Major as sparring partner to Billy Madden in 1873. 8.

ATHLETICS AT GILMORE'S.

Carried away with the success attending the entertainments given under the auspices of the Police and New York Athletic Clubs, Prof. Miller bethought himself that it would prove a profitable speculation to afford the public an opportunity to see some more sport of like description, and to that end engaged Gilmore's Garden for Friday and Saturday evenings, Jan. 25, 26. Quite an interesting series of events was programmed each evening, but unfortunately the enterprise met with but indifferent financial success, presumably for the reason that the public are about surfeited with exhibitions of this sort, and the absence from the programme of anything sensational enough to draw a crowd sufficiently large to leave a respectable margin over and above actual expenses, which were heavy. A very large attendance on the first night was not looked for, and when a nasty rainfall set in before the opening of the doors those interested thought an assemblage of five or six hundred a pretty fair showing. The next evening was fine, and the manager had supposed that the announcement that Johnny Dwyer and Prof. Miller would box each other would attract a big house; but though the contest was advertised as a "match for $500 and the championship," the conflicting public opinion not being so voraciously as had been anticipated, being evidently of the belief that upon such an occasion as this a true test of their relative abilities could not with reason be expected—both men are too long-headed for that. The sequel proved the correctness of this impression, for though the big 'uns gave a fair sample of their powers, fight play predominated to such an extent as to disappoint those who had foolishly expected them to go to work with earnestness and a determination to "get the best of it." As a purely scientific display, it was well worth looking at, and indicated the treat that might be depended upon should these men ever come together in a bona-fide glove match, for which each had carefully prepared. Had they gone to roughing it on the 26th Miller ought to have got the upper hand, for Dwyer was in no fit for a hustling encounter, and a little exertion caused him to puff painfully. The next most attractive set-to was between Frofs. Wm. Clark, the veteran, and Wm. G. McClellan, who displayed their scientific attainments upon both evenings greatly to the delight of the spectators, who voted theirs the best fistic exhibition of the lot, and frequently applauded heartily, especially when Clark got home cleanly as he repeatedly did on his youthful, well-conditioned opponent, and was out of range of the return with a celerity astonishing in a man of his years and well-rounded proportions. With so good a man before him, McClellan made a fine display of skill, also. Jimmy Kelly and Steve O'Reilly ("Seddons' Mouse") likewise sparred both nights, their performance being, as usual, of the slap-bang order, neither caring to stop blows otherwise than with the frontispiece, and each planting frequently and hard. Many in the assemblage would have better relished a more scientific meet, but all admired the way in which they stood up to their work and swallowed their gruel without murmuring, particularly the eager, lantern-like Mouse, who considered well and landed cleanly irrequently, but on the whole received the larger dose of pepper at the hands of the steadier, taller, longer-armed and harder hitting Master Jeemes. They were rewarded with abundant applause. Johnny Reilly and Johnny Saunders, who have boxed together so often that they are familiar with each other's every move, likewise set-to twice, and upon each occasion made a pleasing display, Reilly showing to rather the best advantage. The only other box was between Edward McGillenby (who figured to advantage in a set-to with Childs at the N. Y. A. C. meeting) and another amateur, whose name we failed to catch, although "Pop" Whittaker gave it out in stentorian tones. It was not a very interesting bout, though each showed that he possessed a fair practical knowledge of the art. McGillenby having less to learn than his smaller antagonist. Harry Hill was received with applause as he mounted the roped stage (which as usual was placed in the centre of the arena, now concisely boarded over) to officiate as director in the sparring bouts and as referee in the wrestling contests. The latter opened each evening with a Greco-Roman tussle between Lambroise and Leando Jonnares, the former gaining two falls in 6m. 25s. and 1m. 25s. respectively, the first night, and the fifteen minutes allowed passing without a fall the second evening. It was apparent that Lambroise is the better wrestler. Next came Prof. Miller and Charles Murphy in Greco-Roman wrestling, with the use of the feet for tripping. The superior skill and strength of Miller enabled him to overcome his man, who secured several good locks, but could not hold them; no one expected a different result. Miller also overmatched Wm. Heygster in Greco-Roman, and Steve O'Donnell proved more than a match for John Flynn at collar-and-elbow wrestling, the latter-couple appearing on the second night only. James Messenger appeared in his well-known cannon-ball act the first night, and his less familiar but attractive and well-executed Indian club juggling performance the next. J. M. Lafin also exercised with the Indian clubs, manipulating them most cleverly, and introducing evolutions quite original with himself. Profs. Frederickes and Deturck fenced, bayonet and broadsword, the first evening, and Fredericks and Capt. Nicols indulged in broadsword exercises on the 26th, these displays evoking more merriment than applause from the rather unappreciative assembly. Two amateur walking contests took place each evening, and proved decidedly the most interesting features of the affair, while the enthusiasm they evoked attested the popularity of such competitions with the public. The floored track was an eighth of a mile to the round, and the results of the races, together with those of three bicycle events, are given below:

One-mile walk, open to all who had never won an advertised race, five entries—M. J. Mayer, Jersey City, 1; D. Varian, Knickerbocker Y. C., 2; E. S. Walling, New York, ½; Alex. Law, N. Y., ½. Mayer and Varian at once out away from the others, and, after a fine, exciting contest all the way, the Jerseyman won by about a foot. Walling and Law finished abreast. John Koch, Chesterfield A. C., was out of the race going a half mile. Time, 8m1s.

Two mile handicap, eight entries—A. Varian, K. Y. C. (2m. 30s.), 1; J. Stern, Amateur A. C. (3m.), 2; A. Law, N. Y. (3m. 20s.), 3. Thomas Buckley, S. A. A. C. (1m.), was the virtual scratch man, and made a strong bid for a place, but the handicap was too much for him. Varian won handsomely, walking throughout in his customary very fair style. Time, 16m. 31½s. J. McLeod, S. A. A. C., had 1m. 15s. start, and G. J. Law, N. Y., 1m. 45s.

Three mile walk, open to all who had never beaten 26 minutes, ten entries—Chas. Dooley, S. A. C., 1; G. J. Law, N. Y., 2; J. J. McLeod, S. A. A. C., 3; A. Varian, K. Y. C., 4. Of the seven starters the other three failed to finish, the race was highly interesting, especially during the closing mile, McLeod and Varian going around, lap after lap, locked, some yards behind Law, who until the final circuit was close upon the heels of Buckley, who, however, put on a tremendous burst after entering upon the last lap, and, rapidly going away from Law, came home at a cracking pace fifty yards ahead. Failing to hold McLeod, Varian let up fifteen yards from the score. Time, 25m. 7s. The referee several times had occasion to caution some of the contestants, who were hurried out of a fair heel-and-toe method.

One-mile handicap, ten entries—T. H. Noonan, Lilly B. C. (2m. 5s.), 1; E. S. Walling, N. Y. (2m. 5s.), 2; A. Varian, K. Y. C. (1m. 40s.), 3; A. Law, N. Y. (3m. 5s.), 4. This was a good race also, but the limit men could not be overtaken, and after a hard struggle between themselves over the entire distance Noonan won by 45sec., Varian about the same distance behind Walling, Law a fair fourth. Buckley was virtual scratch man again, and again was he obliged to give away too much to have a chance.

Bicycle racing—Two miles—Wm. De Noielle, 1; W. E. Harding, 2; time, 8m. 10s. Won by a second. Three miles—Harding, 1; De Noielle, 2; time, 12m. 7s. Won by ¼ second. Five miles—De Noielle, 1; Harding, 2; time, 19.33¼. Won by a long distance. Except for those to whom bicycle riding was a novelty, these races possessed no interest, for the simple reason that the ability of De Noielle to fairly run away from Harding was so apparent to all that no one could look for a contest in the true light of contests, and the manager wisely refrained from any catchpenny announcements regarding them. De Noielle is an excellent rider, and we should like to see his powers subjected to a real test in an up-and-up match with some equally good man, in which each contestant would honestly try to win. The entertainment was unexceptionably managed, the programme being strictly carried out, promptly and systematically, and the efforts of those concerned deserved a better pecuniary reward.

Chess Notes.

As we anticipated, the chess match—consultation series for $100—between Captain McKenzie and James Mason at the Cafe International, assisted by Messrs. Delmar and Breuringen, resulted in an easy victory for the Captain's side, he winning three out of the last four games played. After the first game the contest attracted little interest. The play of Mason was inferior to that he exhibited in his $100-match with Bird .. The chess automaton player from the London Crystal Palace is now in New York .....An interesting series of consultation games are in progress at the rooms of the Brooklyn Chess Club, on every Wednesday and Saturday night.

CURLING IN JERSEY.—The match for the grand national medal between the Empires of New York and Paterson Club took place at Hoboken, N. J., Jan. 24, with the following result: RINK No. 1—*Paterson:* T. Crossley, T. F. Hoxey, H. Wardell, J. Van Houtin, skip—14. *Empire City:* A. Maxwell, J. Russell, J. Hearty, W. Symmers, skip—25. RINK No. 2—*Paterson:* T. Beveridge, A. Hargraves, A. M. Horton, A. Downing, skip—13. *Empire City:* J. Conley, R. Russell, S. McIntire, skip—25. Totals, Empire, 50; Paterson, 30. Majority for Empire City, 20. On the 25th the Empire City Club and Trenton of Paterson had a match at the same place, which resulted in favor of Paterson by a score of 50 to 43.

THE QUEEN CITY JOCKEY CLUB held a meeting at Cincinnati, O., Jan. 21, when the following officers were elected: President, Edgar M. Johnson; vice-president, E. L. Anderson; treasurer, John Sullivan; secretary, C. B. Hunt.

ATHLETICS.—The gentleman who was mentioned in our paper as "the self-constituted secretary" of the proposed Athletic Convention, to be held Jan. 30, claims that we erred in so stating, he having been regularly appointed. With pleasure we give him the benefit of his correction.

A CURLING MATCH was witnessed at St. John, N. B., Jan. 25, between the Thistle Club and Allcomers, the curling stones offered by Skip Knox. Two rinks were laid out, and the Thistles won by a score of 53 to 32.

LEON CHRISTOL and Bonnel Le Boeuf are working up a Graeco-Roman wrestling show at Cincinnati, O., and Lucien Marc speaks for a chance to meet the winner. No doubt he'll get it.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 359.

A FIRE occurred at the Messrs. May's theatrical wardrobe establishment, London, Jan. 5, which did great damage to the building and contents. Among the property destroyed was a valuable library of authorities on costume, which had been collected by the late Samuel May.

FRED DEWAR who had played Captain Crosstree in the burlesque of "Blackeyed Susan" upwards of one thousand times, died in London, Eng., Jan. 8. He made his last appearance at the Haymarket Theatre Jan. 5.

FREDRICK WEBSTER, brother of Benj. Webster, died in London Jan. 2.

GEORGE COBB, who fifty years ago was proprietor of the Brighton (Eng.) Theatre, died recently, aged 91.

MUSICAL.

MLLE. HEILBRONN has signed a brilliant engagement with M. Carvalho, by the terms of which she will create at the Paris Opera Comique the part of Psyche, in the piece of Ambroise Thomas bearing that title, and which has been remodeled so much as to make it almost a new work.

OPERA-BOUFFE in Paris is in a despondent state. As to that once-popular house, the Bouffes Parisiennes, it has not had a single success since "La Timbale d'Argent." The latest novelty, "L'Etoile," is withdrawn as a complete failure, and was to be succeeded by a village opera called "Babiole."

OLE BULL has arrived at Vienna, Austria.

JOACHIM RAFF has removed to Frankfort, Germany, and assumed the direction of the new Conservatoire, endowed by a wealthy citizen with 800,000 florins.

FRANCIS BURKE the vocalist has been committed for trial for the wilful murder of a young woman in Adelaide, Australia.

M. FAURE has appeared in Brussels, Belgium, where his singing was warmly applauded.

IT IS ANNOUNCED of Alberto Mazzucato, aged 68, the world-renowned singing-master and director of the Milan Conservatoire; and of Fraulein Josephine Rummel, aged 67, sister of Madame Schott, widow of the celebrated music-publisher of Germany and London. Fraulein Rummel was killed in a railway accident between Wiesbaden and Mayence.

A PROLONGED squabble between the director of the Madrid Opera-house and the public in regard to the price of second seats renders it impossible for any artist who possesses self-respect to sing in the Spanish capital, for the public revenge themselves upon the manager by hissing the artists. Mlle. Moisset and Mlle. Belocca, who were insulted in this way, at once placed their resignations in the hands of the director, and declined to sing again until peace can be restored.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE SISTERS WAITE, Miss Nettie and Miss Emma, personate respectively Cinderella and Prince Paragon in the pantomime at the Prince of Wales, Theatre, Birmingham. They reappear in London at Easter.

THE WILKINSONS are at Pullan's Varieties, Bolton, Eng., where G. E. Levantine, equilibrist, preceded them.

JAMES TAYLOR and Miss Ada Alexander are doing turns at the Mecropolitan and Lusby's, London, appearing in "Scraps from Simon."

MASON AND DIXON do four turns nightly in London—at the Oxford, South London, Cambridge, and Middlesex, fifty minutes elapsing between the time of their advent upon the stage at one house and their appearance at the next. They have fourteen weeks filled for a provincial tour, commencing Feb. 18, and return to London June 10.

LULU, the serial artist, is shortly to appear in another new sensational act.

FRANK GILFORT has arrived in London.

"PLEVNA," a panorama illustrative of scenes at the theatre of war in Europe, is among the attractions at the Canterbury, London.

LUNEL is now giving her novel performance on the high-rope with the patent "unicycle" at the Folies Bordalais, Bordeaux, France.

LO-LO AND M. SYLVESTER were at the Pavilion, Sheffield, Eng., Jan. 21.

G. H. MACDERMOTT and the Payne Family have thus early been secured by the Messrs. Gatti for the pantomime at Covent Garden, London, next Christmas.

REYNOLDS AND ROMER and Miss Blanche Reynolds, Alf. Edgar and Miss Jessie Lamont, and Miss Kitty Brooke are performing in the provincial towns of England.

THE MERRYMAKERS arrived in Yokohama, Japan, Dec. 26, 1877, and gave their first performance in the Gaiety Theatre Dec. 29 to a reported large attendance. The price of admission was $2. Their second performance took place Jan. 1, 1878. They were to have sailed for Shanghae, China, Jan. 9, thence to Hong Kong. The company is under the management of Wash. Norton, and includes, besides him, Karl Steele, Kirk and Drew, and Mrs. Norton.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

JOHN LECLAIR, the well-known hat-spinner and juggler, at our latest advices was doing a turn nightly in Harwood's, Cambridge, Varieties, Winchester, and Gatti's Music Halls, London, Eng.

CIRCUSES.

THE BROTHERS GILFORT—Robert and William—are the great features at Keith's Circus, Halifax, Eng.

ADAIR, the athlete, closed an engagement with Ginnett's Circus, Torquay, Eng., Jan. 26.

A CIRCUS capable of holding 3,500 persons, and stabling for 125 horses, has been completed at Brusseis, Belgium, under the special patronage and sanction of the King. M. Renz gave an admirable programme on the opening day, and both the King and Queen of the Belgians were present. The entertainment concluded with a pantomime spectacle called "The Journey of the Prince of Wales to India."

W. F. WALLETT the jester is engaged with Pindar's Circus, Bradford, Eng.

AMUSEMENTS.

TONY PASTOR'S. TONY PASTOR'S.
SPECIAL ARRIVAL OF DISTINGUISHED STARS.
GEORGE KURTZ, NELLIE BROOKS,
HILDA THOMAS, THE WILLARD SISTERS,
THE DAYTONS, THE TUDORS,
KELLY AND NEARY, MONS. BUSHNELL,
STELLA NEWTON, HARRY MACK,
HOWLAND SISTERS, FLORENCE SISTERS,
BARRY MAXWELL,
THE TWO GREATEST COMEDIANS IN AMERICA,
BILLY BARRY AND RYMAN.
MADRIGAL MINSTRELS.
TONY PASTOR AND ALL OF HIS GREAT TROUPE.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY. 45-1t

PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
LAST WEEK LAST WEEK
Of MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND
in his great character of
PENN'S NEPTON PEMBROKE,
"YE INSURANCE AGENT,"
in Bartley Campbell's new Comedy of
MY PRECIOUS BETSY.
FRIDAY EVENING, Farewell Benefit of
MR. RAYMOND.
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Monday evening, Feb. 4, will be revived the successful farce-comedy
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with a great cast, including Messrs. J. B. Polk and George Gliddens (by courtesy of Shook & Palmer), W. J. Le Moyne, W. R. Bailey and J. G. Saville, and Misses Ida Sands (by courtesy of Shook & Palmer), Sydney Cowell, Minnie Palmer, Annie Wakeman and Mrs. A. F. Baker. 45-1t

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Return of Pat Rooney. Tremendous hit of John Wild. Continued success of Kitty O'Neil. Re-engagement of Fields and Hoey, Musical Mokes. Avery and Le Rue, Horizontal bar performers. Second week of Fernando Flexo, Character change artist, and Rosa and Alfred Springer in their celebrated Cat Duet. The wonderful child artist, Little Rosebud. First appearance of Fannie Beane, in artistic songs-and-dances. Harry Woodson, Ethiopian comedian, and Bryant and Williams in eccentric songs-and-dances. Billy Gray and Johnny Shay in Edward Harrigan's sketch THE LION-TAMER.
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MLLE. EME ROSEAU,
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MR. WM. EDOUIN,
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To my friends in the profession and the public in general I wish to state that I have no WIFE in or out of the profession, and that I have to my knowledge no CHILDREN. Any persons representing themselves as such are FRAUDS.
Signed CHARLIE PARKINSON.
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Male and female talent wanted immediately.
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THE SHEERANS,
IRISH SKETCH ARTISTS,
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READ WHAT MANAGER KERNAN SAYS:
The Sheerans—James and Lydia—have just closed a very successful engagement of two weeks at this theatre. I can cheerfully recommend them to managers as very entertaining and painstaking artists.
AD. KERNAN, Manager.
JAMES and LYDIA SHEERAN, Irish Sketch Artists, are certainly among the best in the business.—NEW YORK EVENING TELEGRAM, Dec. 14, 1877. Managers address, THEATRE COMIQUE, Rochester, N. Y. 45-1t*

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WANTED.—A SITUATION BY TWO GOOD MUSICIANS. B-Flat cornet and E-flat cornet and second violin. Play in both orchestra and brass. Good readers. Will work cheap for responsible managers. Address M. and Y., Box 119, Hiram, Portage Co., Ohio. 45-1

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TWO FIRST-CLASS END-MEN,
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Must have new songs, jokes, acts, etc. State terms, which must be moderate. Salary sure. Address Manager, 920 North Eighth street, Philadelphia. 45-1t*

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Curiosities, Animals, Tents, Paintings, etc. A privilege wanted. Address H. E. SWAYZE, Vernon, N. J. 45-1t*

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BANDS.—An experienced musician, arranger, and highly accomplished performer on the E-flat and B-flat cornet, connected for the past 15 years with the principal bands of New York City, is desirous of locating his family in the country, with a view of making it his future home. Would therefore be pleased to negotiate with a well-organized band and responsible parties, where his services as instructor and performer would be desirable. In addition to the above, he also seeks permanent employment in some suitable light business. For further particulars, best of references etc., please address Brass Band Director, care of CLIPPER Office, New York. 45-1t*

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the two big little ones,
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furnishing Scenery, Tricks, Wardrobe and Properties.
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A CARD.
GEO. H. COOK,
TREASURER and BUSINESS-MANAGER
Fall River Opera-house.
Messrs. Ferguson and Mack having cancelled their date at this theatre, giving as a reason, that I. D. Hopkins, Manager of Theatre Comique, Providence, and New National, Hartford, told them that the place was not sold, and that they would get little or no salary. Now we, the undersigned performers, declare Mr. Hopkins' statement to be false in every particular, and would be glad to have a season's engagement at this theatre, if nothing but the payment of our salaries were concerned.
CUMMINGS AND HARRINGTON, C. H. PHELPS,
BURT AND WATSON, MATTIE SCOTT,
BILLIE AND MINNIE RAY, JOSIE HOWARD,
DEVIN BROTHERS, F. CARLETON,
LOUIS CLOUGHBY, T. W. MARSH,
GEORGIE BELL, WM. WORTH,
LIZZIE CLAYTON, ADA CUMMINGS,
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FRANK BEAN, LEADER. GEORGE CERVEY.
FALL RIVER OPERA-HOUSE, Jan. 26, 1878. 45-1t*

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FOLLY THEATRE
(LATE GLOBE),
CHICAGO, ILL.
will positively open on or about Feb. 4, completely altered, thoroughly renovated and decorated regardless of expense, surpassing anything else ever attempted. No low admission prices

FAITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PARK LEONARD.

Because my feet have sometimes stumbled, treading
Life's rugged ways,
Because the clouds have hid the bright sun shedding
Its genial rays,
Shall I believe that life has naught but thorns,
Or that the future 'll bring no rosy morns?
Because one friend hath turned aside and left me
In sorrow's hour,
Because the years have cruelly bereft me
Of love's first flower,
Shall I bemourn forevermore my loss,
And hold that love and friendship are but dross?
Because the faces that of old I cherished
I see no more,
Because the golden hopes that burned have perished,
And youth is o'er,
Shall I with bitterness life's blessings blend,
And say that hope itself is at an end?
Ah, no! The thorny path has likewise roses
To tempt the feet,
The sky that's overcast at times discloses
The sunshine sweet;
And He who marks the sparrow in its flight
Will gild with glory yet the clouds of night!

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

CHAPTER III.—IN WINE IS MADNESS.

It was quite one o'clock when Leslie Thorne reluctantly left the "Melancholy Club," leaning upon the arm of Mr. O'Grady, and found himself once more in the silent street. How bright everything looked in the mellow glare of the full moon! How sharp and distinct the shadows of the tall houses! The stillness of the sleeping city was profound.

"Why do you go so soon?" asked Leslie, speaking, it is feared, a little thickly. "This is the sweetest morsel of the night—must we leave it unpicked? Isn't that what Shakespeare says?"

"Shakespeare said a great many things besides his prayers, I fancy," rejoined O'Grady, smiling at his companion's enthusiasm. "I must go to the office and read my proofs."

"What splendid fellows they all are! Jolly dogs! And how good the cold punch was."

"I see that you did it justice."

"Eh? What do you mean?" demanded Leslie, rather sharply. "You don't pretend to think I feel it at all."

"By no means," replied the Irishman with the gravity of Cato. "Your head is as clear as my own."

"A fellow must experience some exhilaration after coming out of such jolly society as that. Buzenval is a quiet fellow, though."

"Very; and it's a rare thing to find him in a crowd of that kind. He prefers a quiet *petite-souper* of his own, with two or three friends, and an early adjournment."

"How is it that Rose's—Miss Aylmer's—husband, Foinard, was not among the party to-night?" asked Leslie, suddenly thinking of quite another subject.

"Oh, he left town by the 'owl train' to see his mother, who lives in the country, some miles out. He will be in again to-morrow morning, he told me, and will call on you, with Bulmer, about the play."

"Left town?"

"Yes; he is very fond of the old lady, and often visits her."

"But how about the *young* lady? It seems to me, if I had a young and beautiful wife like Rose—like Miss Aylmer—I should find it hard to tear myself away from her, even for an interval of a few hours; and isn't there something in the Bible about leaving thy parents to cling to thy wife, or something of the kind?" asked Leslie vaguely.

"But there's something else about honoring thy father and mother too, you recollect; and, bedad, with Foinard the honeymoon is over, and perhaps he has found that the luminary of the night is not made of treacle after all."

"O'Grady, I suspect he neglects his wife. I knew her when she was a girl, and she is not so happy as she was then. You must know a great deal about this matter, and I wish you would be frank with me, for I feel a friendship, a liking, for poor Rose."

"I am no authority, I assure you. I have simply heard that the marriage was, on his side—now, don't repeat this—a speculation. To use the current phrase, he was the first to discover Miss Aylmer. He was sure she had talent, and brought her out. He worked untiringly, and, knowing how to manage such things, the success was perfect. The consequence is, she is probably the most popular actress of the day. In gratitude, it is *said*—and it's only gossip—she married him. They are doubtless as happy as other married people, and—and so there, that's all—and good-night, for I must be off."

"One minute," said Leslie, laying his finger on the other's arm. "I should like to call on her some time or other—where do they live?"

"They keep house in —— street, No. 90, I believe; but you can't miss the place, for there's a yard, or rather garden, with iron railings, in front. And now, I warn you don't repeat that I told you this foolish gossip; for ten to one there's not a syllable of truth in it."

O'Grady hurried off, leaving his young friend standing there, smiling beatifically at the moon. On the whole Leslie felt pleased, and, now that he was alone, showed it. She was *not* happy! Perhaps his logic was not at present quite clear, but it seemed to him a sort of retribution. Had she waited a little longer she might have married someone else, and the supreme felicity that must have resulted from *that* alliance he felt assured of.

"Beautiful Rose!" he sighed. Never was a man in more romantic mood. The hour and the scene harmonized with his sentiment, and he felt thrilled with a strange glow.

Should he go home? Folly it would be; for who could sleep on such a night as this? Yet *some* one ought to sleep, he reflected, looking about at the darkened windows of the houses—*many;* but of what dull clay they must be made. All sorts of beautiful apostrophes to the night rose to his mind. And now, without any definite purpose, he went on. He could not have afterwards told, perhaps, why it was that within half an hour he found himself in the very street O'Grady had mentioned as that on which M. Foinard resided. He seemed to have got there without his own volition—as it were, in a dream.

But here he was, and before the very house. For a minute he halts and leans upon the iron gate, and looks up at a curtained window behind which there is a light. Who is in that room? Intuitively he knows. *She* is there—still awake, like himself—thinking possibly of—who knows what or whom? But it will not be wise to linger here. A suspicious policeman may turn the corner and misinterpret evidence. Before now Romeo has been collared as a burglar and made to finish the night in a station-house, a contingency which Leslie Thorne does not contemplate with favor. The gate is ajar—how would it do to enter the garden and make a furtive reconnoisance from the rear? He goes in, stepping lightly on tip-toe. From the rear his scrutiny develops a shadow on the window-blind. How his heart beats! His brain reels. And now near him he observes a ladder. O Heaven! what madness is this? Every inordinate cup is unblest—how fatally true! Will he not pause? A moment's reflection will restore him his reason. A folly this may be that will cost him woe without end. Alas! he cannot reason. An enemy has entered his brain and stolen away that faculty. The ladder is planted, and swiftly he climbs up the balcony and steps over, and softly taps on the window-pane. A pause follows and he repeats the signal, and instantly the curtain is drawn up, and there before him he sees, as in a mirror, the face and figure of Rose Aylmer. She stares at him as if she saw a ghost. It is plain that she believes his appearance to be a delusion of her senses. Foolishly he smiles, and motions for her to raise the window, which, still affrighted, she does, and he enters the room.

"Mr. Thorne, what *can* this mean?" she gasps.

She wears a cloud-like wrapper, and to his disordered fancy looks like a pale and beautiful phantom.

"Still up, Rose?" he asks with a slight hiccough and the same vacant simper. "I was walking by the house, and the thought st-struck me I'd give you a sur-surprise. Beautiful night—beau'ful, just like somebody I know."

She understands all now, and pities him. He is lowered in her estimation, and can never hold again the place he held there; but he does not know that yet. To-morrow he will know it, not from her lips—never from that source—but conscience will tell him in accents there is no gainsaying. He knows now only that he is with her, and alone. He does not see another figure standing at his elbow and watching him, and sometimes whispering in his ear with a dark smile. That sinister monitor is also unseen by her; but he is there, with his odious smirk and evil promptings, busy in the work that suits him.

"Mr. Thorne, you are not yourself. It is late—two o'clock—and you must go home."

"Home, Rose? Home is where the heart is, doesn't the poet say? My heart is certainly not at old Mrs. Wiggins' lodgings—Rose, forgive my boldness, but it is here."

"O Leslie, recall your senses!" she implores, in a terrified whisper. "Think of what you expose me to. There is a young lady upstairs—Miss Clara North—a friend of mine and my husband's. What would be her thought if she should come in and find the window open, and you here with me alone?"

"Rose," answers he with an oracular shake of the head, "it's not me—it's fate! 'Kismet,' says the Moham-hom-momiton. It's written in the stars, and must be."

"*Will* you not go? I beg you on my knees. My husband is away. If he should hear of this happening in his absence, I should be ruined. Think, Leslie, there are servants in the house who may have seen you enter, and they will report it to M. Foinard. He is a native of France, and his ideas are all Continental, and he would call you out and kill you, and you would have no chance, for he is a dead shot."

Distractedly she pleads; but, alas! she pleads with a madman. The other dark advocate has his ear, and gives more eloquent counsel.

"Rose, my beautiful darling, when I saw you at the theatre to-night, all the memory of the old time came over me—the time when we loved each other, and you were to be my wife."

"By the memory of those happy days, Leslie, I beseech you to leave me! O my God! what have I ever done to deserve this?" she cries, holding her fingers to her temples in the agony of dismay.

"My wife you should have been, for I loved you and you loved me—not his; for between him and you there is *no* love. I read that sad truth in your face the moment I saw you. I love you still, Rose, and I have dared everything in coming here at this hour to tell you so—I have dared, among the rest, even your displeasure. It is more than love—it is adoration! O Rose, never lived there a woman so beautiful as you!"

She has thrown herself into a chair, and is rocking to and fro, almost demented.

"What can you think of me, to say such words? What have you seen in me to give you that courage?"

"I worship you, Rose, and nothing shall prevent my confession; nothing shall prevent me from continuing to worship you. M. Foinard looks like a gentleman; but he is not one. There are gentlemen *and* gentlemen—two kinds—and he is one of the other kind. He talks well, and has a polished address, and is educated; but he lacks that inner refinement—that high-bred delicacy of soul which no one but the real gentleman has. It is something innate, and can never be acquired. God gives it to some as he gives genius; but they are few, few in number, and M. Foinard is not among them."

"Are *you*, sir?" she asks, starting to her feet. "Is this the act of the true gentleman you describe, to steal into a wife's private apartment in the absence of her husband, and address language to her that is the worst of insults—language that no honest woman can hear and pardon? I command you to leave me forthwith."

"Rose!"

"No more words, sir. There is the shameful passage by which you entered—use it to go out again!" she exclaims, with flashing eyes, pointing to the window, which is still open.

"You shall not drive me away until you have heard all," he answered, with the dogged resolution of men who are in his state. "I have not come to be baffled thus. I will persist in my declarations of love until you confess it is returned."

"That will never be. Is it because I am an actress that you speak to me in such language? I am a woman, and a wife as well, sir. Ah! I did not know you, Leslie Thorne," she said, the tears rising to her eyes.

"Do not cry, Rose. Kiss me and I will go," he answered, approaching and endeavoring to take her hand.

"You will go without that."

"Never! You've kissed me many a time, and this coyness is assumed. What nonsense to think to deceive me with such mock propriety! You will kiss me, Rose—I intend to force you."

He watches her with the glittering eye of a madman. She has drawn away from him.

"One step towards me and I shall scream!"

"You would not dare."

"I swear it before Heaven!"

"The kiss I will have!" he cries, springing forward.

Adroitly she eludes him and utters three piercing shrieks, as she pulls the bell-rope hanging from the wall. A merry peal jingles from some quarter below. He stands appalled and white as death. Reason has returned to him. His anguish is terrible.

"Rose, what have you done? They will come and find us here at this hour, and you will be ruined."

No answer does she make, but stands motionless as a statue.

"Rose, don't you *see* that I cannot fly? And hark! there is a noise in the street—your screams were heard. Oh, what is to be done? Why have you brought this destruction upon yourself?"

"*You* have brought it upon me. I am lost, and it is your fault," she answers, sobbing.

Confounded he is. The noise in the street has grown louder, and the footsteps of the household are heard on the stairs. In less than a minute the door will burst open and they will rush in. Is there *no* device he can use that will save himself and the innocent woman he has betrayed? His eyes search the room with a desperate scrutiny. Is there no place he can hide himself? When they come in, Rose can tell them that she was frightened by a dream. Alas! this suggestion is hopeless. There is not even a closet. Suddenly he catches sight of the gas-burner. A newspaper is lying on the table beneath it. The desire he has prayed for comes to his mind at last, and not a second too soon. Quickly he lights the newspaper at the gas and makes a torch of it, with which he ignites the lace window-curtains and the hangings of the bed, and instantly the flames leap up and the chamber is filled with smoke and fire. Then, catching up Rose in his arms, he hurries to the door, just as it is opened from the other side, and the servants, headed by Miss Clara North, rush in, and behold, with shrieks of terror, the swift progress of the apparently impending conflagration.

CHAPTER IV.—PRELIMINARIES.

To-morrow! Is there any word in language more pregnant with retribution? Never shall I forget that word as it was once uttered in my hearing by a great actor, whose voice I shall hear no more, in the line from "Richard III.:" "Saddle White Surrey for the field—*to-morrow!*" Nameless terror—an indefinable but dreadful foreboding—the fetters of an inward torture—the resolution of despair, were all there—all expressed in the formidable eloquence of that single word.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the next day Leslie Thorne awoke from a stupor. He awoke, not by degrees, as people do out of a healthy sleep, but with a start and instantly, all his faculties alive at once. In a second through his aching brain flashed recollection! The hell of that fraction of time he never to the end of his life forgot. His first impulse was to rise, seize the pistol in the bureau drawer and blow out his brains. It was lucky he did not so dispose of them, for he often found them useful afterwards. But for a while his torture was acute beyond the power of words to describe. He lay there perfectly still, in the agonies of reaction and remorse. Then he heard a knock at his door—Mrs. Wiggins' knock. This was the twenty-first time that stout lady had climbed the stairs to inquire after the welfare of her lodger, always going down again unsatisfied; and now she was preparing once more to descend, convinced in her mind that Leslie had made way with himself, and resolved to send for the authorities, when the young man called out a peevish:

"What is it?"

Would he have his breakfast? Breakfast—Heavens! The thought sickened him. But in his present relapsed state he dreaded even Mrs. Wiggins' suspicions, and told her to serve the meal in the room below; and now, with a groan, he got up. Pale he looked in the glass—unlike himself. But now he dressed, recalling as he did so, one by one, the incidents of the night before. The club—how he execrated it as the cause of all! Alas! no longer did those nursery gentlemen he had met seem the jolly dogs he had thought them. And O'Grady—"he must have seen I was going too far and did not know what I was about; and why did he not stop me? Perhaps he encouraged me purposely." And the climax of his follies—he did not dare think of it. What would the consequence be? There are things for which there is no apology.

"In that quarter," he thought, with a dismal pang, "*all* is over."

Mrs. Wiggins knocked at the door again, and announced that his breakfast was served.

"And there's two gentlemen have called to see you, sir," she added.

"Two gentlemen? Did they give their names?"

"One gave his name, sir—Mr. Foinard, I think he said."

M. Foinard! Leslie Thorne's heart gave a little thump against his breast. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

"Tell them I will be down in a moment."

As he finished his toilet a single dark conjecture filled his mind. When he descended it was with the sensation of a man who has received orders to move into action—a vague uncertainty, a fluttering of the nerves that is not quite a panic, but like one. M. Foinard rose with a smile that was more reassuring than he was aware, and greeted him. The gentleman with him proved to be Mr. Bulmer.

"What a lazy fellow you must think me!" said Leslie, with immense relief. "But I was up ever so late."

"I have heard all about it," answered Foinard, "and it is in the papers. You are fortunate. As a preliminary advertisement for the new drama, nothing could be better. Walker has worked it up capitally for *The Lictor*. Glance over it;" and he handed Leslie that popular morning journal.

"First let me offer you some breakfast. Eggs, chop—and isn't that toast?"

But both visitors declined, and as Leslie ate a little of the meal he read by snatches an account of the affair in which he had figured the previous night. By this he learned "that Miss Rose Aylmer, the beautiful and popular actress, while sitting in her room reading over her part in the new drama of 'Broadway,' by Mr. Leslie Thorne, in which she is shortly to appear at the Vaudeville Theatre, was startled by perceiving that the window-curtains of her room had caught fire. She immediately ran to the window and gave an alarm, and, by a most extraordinary coincidence, Mr. Leslie Thorne himself, the author, as we have said, of the above-mentioned play, who was passing the house at the time, heard the lady's voice and went to her assistance. Happily, a ladder was at hand in the yard attached to the premises, and Mr. Thorne was enabled by this means to reach the second story, and enter the room where the fire was by the window. At the same moment, the household having also been aroused, further assistance arrived, and Miss Aylmer was placed beyond the reach of danger. Owing to the activity of the servants, the flames were at once extinguished, and thus what might have been a serious conflagration was averted. Neither Miss Aylmer nor her gallant rescuer, we are glad to add, was injured, and the lady will appear in the new drama as announced."

"Very good, indeed," commented Leslie; and then, with a little hesitation, added: "I hope your wife is none the worse for the adventure this morning, M. Foinard?"

"A trifle nervous; but nothing more. We both owe you much, Mr. Thorne," he replied.

"And the ladder something too," suggested Bulmer, laughing; a joke that made Leslie somewhat uncomfortable, and caused him to hastily swallow a whole cup of coffee at once. "You should call it the ladder of fame hereafter, as it has caused Thorne to wake up today and find himself famous."

"Ah! my dear fellow, he will have plenty of that shortly, or I am much mistaken," said Foinard. "This piece will be an immense success."

"And to make assurance doubly sure is what has brought us here," remarked Mr. Bulmer. "I want you to write out a short skeleton of the play for me, Leslie."

Mr. Bulmer was always affectionate in his address to people whose attachment might be profitable.

"An outline for the dramatic weeklies?" hazarded the author.

"Not at all. For Collops, the dramatist of the minor theatres. You *must* have heard of him. He only has about a week to write up a play on your subject."

"A play on my subject?" asked Leslie, pausing over his egg-cup, puzzled. "I am afraid I am a little in the dark."

M. Foinard and Mr. Bulmer looked at each other, and both laughed, as people do who enjoy a good thing in common.

"Collops is to get out the injunction," explained the manager.

"The injunction?"

"Certainly, the injunction. You certainly wouldn't think of producing your new drama without arranging for an injunction, would you? My boy, it wouldn't have a ghost of a chance."

"I really don't quite see ——"

"Oh, it's very plain. Collops takes your outline, and writes up a drama on the same subject. At the moment our bills are posted he applies for an injunction to restrain our performance. The case goes into court, where we resist, of course, and so goes into the newspapers, which we do *not* resist, because that is exactly what we planned for, don't you see?"

"Well, what then?"

"Then Collops writes a letter to the newspapers, explaining the grounds upon which he based his action. I reply, showing that he has no case. Then he writes again, abusing you. In return, you answer and abuse him; and so it goes, until the controversy is talked of everywhere and the public is at a fever-heat to see the wonderful drama that has caused so much commotion."

"But, pray, what does the Judge do in a case like this?"

"Well," said Bulmer quietly, "the Judge takes the papers."

"And this is how dramatic successes are made nowadays?" said Leslie, laughing heartily.

"In a great measure. We shall do the piece on the first night to the largest house ever gathered in the theatre, if we work it up right. I've been trying to think of something in addition to the injunction—a squabble with the ticket-speculators, for instance. I can make an arrangement to have some of them arrested, if you choose, and so bring about a suit for false imprisonment. That would get into the papers too, you know."

"No," said M. Foinard; "let us hold back that card to use in case there should be a dropping-off of the receipts after the first week."

"Very well, if you think best," assented Bulmer. "I have already decided not to have the first performance on the night we advertise it for."

"That seems dangerous to me," said Leslie gravely. "I should not like to break faith with the public, if it can be avoided."

"Nonsense! The disappointment will whet expectation, and people will be wild with curiosity. Our excuse will be, of course, that the immense preparations for the new drama are not completed. The public will think all the better of us."

Leslie shook his head dubiously.

"I don't like the method of *making* a success," he said. "I should prefer my play to stand or fall upon its own merits. Surely, if it is *worth* seeing, the public will discover the fact and come to see it of their own accord."

"Don't trust to that, young man."

"All these manœuvres seem to partake of clap-trap and humbug. They appear to me unworthy of an honest man. If my piece is of any value, the first representation should be a sufficient advertisement. The other thing is notoriety, and not fame."

"They are both the same nowadays, my young friend. Every public man must advertise himself if he expects to continue a public man, and the only vehicle he can employ is the newspapers. All our great performers understand and act upon this principle. There, for instance, is Buzenval ——"

"I met him last night—*he* is a man of genius.''

"So he is; and he is determined people shall not forget the fact. *His* name is *always* in the papers. When he finds the public are tired of reading about his dramatic successes he tries something else. Last week he invented the patent safety-paint for the interior of theatres and public buildings, guaranteed to absorb the foul gases which arise from the gathering of a multitude in a confined space. Wasn't that a capital idea? He publishes his recipe gratis, and those who read it look upon him as a benefactor, and he gets a hundred letters a day from clergymen, school superintendents, and all sorts of persons, thanking him for his disinterested labors in behalf of humanity."

"But I can't say I like the clap-trap system of advertising, no matter whose example is before me," remarked Leslie.

"He is not alone in the use of those devices, I assure you. There is Mr. Austral, the comedian. Did you see that account in the Buffalo papers of how he took charge of the locomotive of an express train, whose regular engineer was helplessly drunk, and guided it in safety, with the three hundred passengers, mostly ladies and children, behind it, over the chasm formed by a broken bridge, simply by turning on all steam and giving it a momentum that carried the entire train across the place of danger and placed it on the opposite rails? You read that, I think? Well, he plays in Buffalo next week."

"I do not connect the two things exactly, and I am sure you think me very stupid. It was a noble feat."

"It was a noble hoax. There was not a syllable of truth in it from beginning to end."

"Indeed!"

"Not a syllable! My dear fellow, that sort of thing is a specialty with Mr. Austral, and no one can hope to rival him at it. Hercules and Samson rolled together never performed half the hairbreadth exploits in which Austral has figured, according to the newspapers."

"But he must get found out occasionally," suggested Leslie.

"Of course he does, and then he explains that it was only one of his jokes. People laugh, and go to see a fellow who is so extremely funny, and then *he* laughs, and pockets their money."

"Well," said Leslie," I am beginning to be convinced that a certain amount of humbug is necessary, after all; so you may advertise 'Broadway' in any manner you please, providing always, of course, that the deception is harmless, as it seems to have been in the instances you have cited."

"But I must add one thing," said Bulmer, "and that is undeniable; no amount of puffing and trickery will keep a bad play before the public long, or any other unworthy enterprise. This sort of advertising is only employed to pique curiosity—to induce people to examine. A good beginning is half the battle, and a half is a great deal; but so is the other half. About your 'Broadway' I have not the smallest doubt; and when I say that to an author, he may congratulate himself, for naturally I am not a sanguine man, and, moreover, I don't flatter," smiled the sagacious manager of the Vaudeville.

"And you want the outline?"

"Yes; as soon as we can have it, for Collops is full of business this week. Suppose you dash it off now."

Some persons have an idea that a professional writer "dashes off" everything, a notion which Mr. Bulmer, who sometimes spent half a day over an ordinary letter, shared. They do not suspect how coy the Muse is very often, and with what patience and art she must be coaxed. But this outline was happily a small matter, and in a few minutes Leslie prepared it and gave it to the manager, who, being in a hurry, now rose.

"This will do," he said, folding it up and placing it in his pocket. "I shall send you word about the rehearsal. Mencini is arranging the music, and has composed 'The Broadway Polka,' with a portrait and dedication. It is full of tune and has one or two novel effects, which will soon put it in all the parlors—imitation of street-cars, and that sort of thing. And now, my dear fellow, I must be off. By the way, how would it do for you to send a letter to *The Evening Paragraph*, giving a full, true and circumstantial account of that little affair last night? Walker has let in a few errors in his version purposely. The public would like to read the real facts from the principal actor."

Leslie reflected rather dubiously about the "real facts" in question, and decided not to disclose them; and so now his visitors took leave, and he was left alone again with his headache and remorse.

"Foinard suspects nothing!" he said, with a deep sigh of relief, as if a mountain had been lifted from his heart.

But Rose?

"I have lost her friendship forever!" he mused with a sickening thrill of disgust at the memory of his folly. "Speak to her I cannot—I dare not look in her face. And yet we shall be thrown together at the rehearsals—how awkward it will be! Will not everybody, including M. Foinard, who is particularly shrewd, notice? Oh, what a fool, dolt, madman I was!"

This sort of soliloquy is not comforting. Leslie went over to the window and looked out at the cheerful streets, and this suggested that nothing might give him a fillip so readily as a good, long walk, which he immediately prepared to take.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE RIVAL ACROBATS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY N. D. U.

The streets of the old city of Agram, in Croatia, presented an unusually animated scene on a certain evening about twelve years ago, notwithstanding that it was the eve of the regular market-day, whose importance always filled the inns with country people, peddlers, traveling merchants, and even strangers from far and near, who were thus attracted to study the quaint old town, with its old-fashioned institutions and picturesque inhabitants, upon an occasion that revealed it to the best advantage.

A band of strolling actors and mountebanks of considerable repute had been performing very successfully upon the outskirts of the town for several days. Their performances were of a varied character, combining theatric with acrobatic exhibitions, as is common in that primitive region, where a legitimate or unmixed performance would hardly be appreciated; but the chief attraction had been the wonderful tight-rope feats of the Radeski family, composed of the beautiful and accomplished Mlle. Zellucca and her two talented brothers, Francois and Achille Radeski.

In some such language were they always advertised, and, in the airy and graceful costumes of their profession, they certainly did present a sufficient family resemblance or suggestion to warrant the general public—never overcritical in such matters—in accepting the statements of the manager; though a few outsiders may have known that the trio were really in no wise related to each other, and that Zellucca alone was the child of old Radeski, the shrewd French showmanager, who had covered up his own rather humble patronymic of Blanchet under the half Polish, half Russian nom-de-guerre at the same time that little Victorine, his gifted daughter, dawned upon the world as Zellucca, which the old man thought a good name, a very good name, though of a somewhat hybrid character. But so lovely, so fascinating and so marvelous was Mlle. Zellucca that it would probably have made very little difference to the public at large if the secret of fictitious names and relations had been revealed to them; though it would undoubtedly have enhanced their interest considerably to have known that not only were Francois and Achille of no relation to each other or their fair coadjutor upon the tense-drawn cord, but were at the same time madly in love with Zellucca herself, and deadly rivals for her favor. That is, they had been rivals, with about an equal chance of success, until very recently, which will be elucidated in the course of our story.

The performances of the company had created a decided sensation in the community, and the occasion of the excitement on the particular evening in question was in anticipation of a wonderful, open-air tight-rope performance, such as had never before been heard of in those parts, that was to take place on the afternoon of the following busy day. In addition to its being the time for the holding of the regular monthly market, which always partook of the character of a fair or festival, it would be the birthday of the reigning prince, or suzerain, and, in honor of this event, the mayor of the old city had purchased the consent of Radeski to the exhibition, which would be a repetition of one already made by the acrobats in the larger towns throughout Bohemia and Hungary, for the general entertainment of the populace. So that, upon this evening, the forthcoming *fete* was the talk of the whole town; and, as the weather was fine, the market-place was filled with knots of curious country folk and others, who, in the intervals of their simple gossip, cast many a wondering glance along the ancient and towering facades of the angle over which the rope was to be stretched on the following day.

At the same time, and in one of the upper rooms of a small public-house not far from the market-place, Mlle. Zellucca was having an interview with Achille Dubois, in whose favor she had been persuaded to testify her preference on the previous day, to the final discomfiture of his rival, Francois Obermann, who was even then moodily wandering about the streets, nursing his disappointment and meditating revenge.

Zellucca was a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty, of a glorious, statuesque form, whose every movement unconsciously betrayed the grace and vigor of her daring vocation, and she looked very happy upon this evening as she half-reclined upon an easy-chair in this her father's reception-room, with her blue-eyed, fair-haired lover at her feet, looking as bright and happy as herself in the assurance of having at last won her undivided affection. Old Pierre Radeski had just quitted the room, after having yielded a reluctant consent to their union during the forthcoming Winter, when the heavy snows and other difficulties in the way of traveling should necessitate at least a temporary disbandment of the company, and the reader need scarcely be told that this circumstance contributed not a little to the bliss of the loving pair.

They had for some time been talking over their bright prospects, as lovers are apt to do, and anticipating the future in rosy hues, when the girl gradually lost her smiling and animated air.

"Ah, Achille!" she sighed, when pressed for the cause of her sadness, "if only to-morrow's task were over, and thou safe and sound, I should have no further fear."

"Nonsense, Victorine!" said he in a tone half-amused, half-vexed, which showed that this was not the first time she had expressed the same fear. "Francois has resigned himself to your loss, and can meditate no treachery. It was only a few hours ago, when we were drinking in one of the wine-houses together, that he took me by the hand and said to me, with tears in his eyes and in a broken voice, but with obvious sincerity: 'You have won her by fair, open means, comrade, and it is my misfortune, rather than my fault, that I have been unsuccessful; but God knows that I would sooner see Victorine your bride than any other man's but mine—God bless you both!' And then he fairly sobbed. Poor Francois! I could not but pity him from the bottom of my heart, though it is but a short time ago that I hourly wished him dead—when we both hung so evenly in the balance of thy favor."

"You do not know Francois Obermann as well as I," said Victorine gravely. "Though he is a Swiss, and appears to be one of the frankest, freest of that nationality, he inherits much of the brooding, revengeful disposition of his mother, who was a woman of Corsica—that terrible island, whose inhabitants seem to spend the greater part of their lives in assassination, brigandage, reprisal, and the treasuring up or liquidation of ancient feuds. Francois neither forgives nor forgets."

"And suppose he does not, what then?" cried Achille, laughing. "He will hardly venture to murder me in the eyes of all Agram, when we appear together on the dizzy cord to-morrow; and, should he undertake to cut the rope, will he not dash himself to pieces as well as me? Obermann is even fonder of life than of love, believe me; so let us banish this dismal possibility from our thoughts."

"Right willingly, my darling!" said the beautiful girl, returning his embrace with modest gentleness; "only pray remember that, in case of peril or treachery to thee, I will be at the southern end of the rope, at the great window of the Town Hall cupola, from which it is to be stretched, ready to warn and advise thee with a cool head and courageous heart."

"As thou hast so often done before, under pressing emergencies, my brave Victorine!" exclaimed her lover passionately. "But I hear thy father's step again upon the stairs, and he has doubtless come to tell us of the preparations that he has completed."

Old Radeski at that moment entered the apartment, and the chief interest of the lovers' interview was at an end.

The following afternoon an immense concourse filled the market-place, and every window of the tall, quaintly-carved house-fronts abutting upon it contained as many heads as could look out and down, while all eyes were fixed wonderingly upon the tightened cord along whose dizzy line the acrobats were shortly to make their perilous way. It was nearly two hundred feet in length, and spanned the eastern angle of the market-place from the cupola of the Town Hall to the uppermost gable-window of a towering, many-windowed, many-balconied tenement on the opposite side, at a distance of fully ninety feet from the ground, while in the centre, directly underneath, was the grand old town-fountain, a wonder of ancient bronze and marble, which was one of the architectural boasts of the city, and which, in its present relations with the rope above, considerably magnified the perils of the forthcoming performances.

The mayor and other municipal officials, with their wives and families, occupied a prominent balcony at the western side of the square; an excellent Hungarian band was posted directly beneath them, discoursing popular airs; many of the windows and railings were decorated with flags and streamers, in honor of the prince's birthday.

The country folk in the open space had, in many instances, improvised seats of the material that had answered them as market-booths in the morning, and the busy commercial day had gradually developed into one of festivity and rejoicing.

At last, after considerable suspense on the part of the multitude, Father Radeski appeared on the narrow coping, just outside the gable-window to the right, looking no more than a pigmy at that vast altitude.

He bowed, after his usual theatrical manner, with which many of those among the spectators were already familiar, and fired a pistol as a signal. Almost simultaneously, Zellucca, picturesquely costumed as a Tyrolese guide-boy, and with her long, slender balancing-pole held lightly across her body, appeared beside him, smiling and kissing her hand.

The crowd below roared and cheered, and then—lightly, airily, almost like a winged sprite from skies afar—she glided out upon the rope with rapid, harmonious and fearless steps, and it held its breath through momentary doubt and fear. But they would have been less susceptible had they known the absolute self-confidence of the youthful acrobat, whose natural dauntlessness of disposition, sureness of foot and powerful nerve had been strengthened by years of careful training and thoughtful discipline almost from her cradle. And even this perilous feat was not new to her, being but a repetition of similar ones practiced in the towns of Germany, France and Italy, which had rendered her head as strong and her step as sure as a chamois-hunter's. To and fro she ran upon the airy cord, now stopping midway to perform some peculiarly difficult step, then again pausing halfway up the perilous slope of the extremities to calmly curtsey her acknowledgment of the plaudits that floated up to her as from a beating sea, and finally retired backward the entire length of the rope, once more kissing her hand as her father received her with open arms and bore her out of sight.

As she withdrew into the little dressing-room that had been improvised for her on the same lofty floor, she, however, fell almost fainting into the arms of the long-trusted old waiting woman, who was ready to receive her, though considerably mystified by such unusual excitement on the part of her young mistress.

"No, no, it is neither exhaustion, nor fear, nor nerves unstrung, but only anxiety, good Marie," she explained, in answer to or evasion of the well-meaning old servitor's queries, as, recovering her self-possession with difficulty, she hastily assisted in the resumption of her proper garments. "Do not delay, for thou knowest I must be at the other end of the rope—in the Town-house cupola—before Achille and Francois begin their performance. Good! Now give me the cloak and hood, to hide my face, should my father meet me on the stair. Thou hast obeyed my orders? Thou hast posted one of our friends at every one of the windows and balconies directly underneath on this side? Thanks!" As the old woman made a sign in the affirmative. "Remember, not a word to my father, and God grant my precautions may not be called into use. Now I am going; resume thy watch, Marie!"

And, imprinting a kiss upon the old woman's forehead, Victorine darted out of the door, down the many flights of stairs, out into and across the crowded square—though the space about the fountain and directly underneath the tight-rope had been kept comparatively clear by the police—and then up, up the difficult and little-frequented staircases that led to the cupola.

She thought the weary steps would never end, and, from the renewed cheering of the throngs without, she feared that the acrobats were already upon the rope, without her obtaining a parting word of warning with Achille, who was to start from this side.

Yes; by the time she reached the embrasure, panting, breathless, and pushed aside the one attendant to look out, there they were upon the cord, advancing boldly towards each other from either side, looking superb in the light, spangled trappings that betrayed their strong, graceful proportions to the finest advantage, with their balancing-poles appearing little more than willowy rods in their sinewy grasps, with the rope bending and swaying lightly beneath their elastic tread, and both apparently enlivened and made buoyant by the plaudits that came surging up to them, mingled with the brazen crashing of the band.

Obermann's face was towards her, and so smiling and open did it look that she began to accuse herself of having ungenerously suspected him of intentional treachery; but still she held her breath and could hear her own heart beat as they met, breast to breast, midway upon the cord, and, touching hands across the poles, prepared to pass each other, one of the most difficult of the feats they were about to attempt.

But even this was accomplished without mishap, and again she breathed more freely as her lover's smiling face confronted her, and the crowd below resumed its roar only the more vigorously from the momentary suspense that had intervened. But at this instant the Swiss slipped, or seemed to slip, in securing himself in his new foothold upon the rope, and plunged forward, striking his rival with the force of a battering-ram full in the breast with his forehead.

The spectators thought it an accident, and held their breath in mingled horror and suspense, while Victorine gave a suppressed shriek, for she alone had seen that it was no accident—that the slip was intentional.

The result was as unlooked-for as it was fortunate. Francois, who had of course made his calculations beforehand, quickly caught himself upon his hands and knees, and regained his feet with surprising agility, hardly suppressing a shout of triumph as he did so, for he fully expected to see his rival dashed to pieces upon the caps and spires of the massive fount below. But he was disappointed. Though momentarily thrown off his guard, Achille had had a wary eye upon his rival's movements from the very outset, and his fall from the assault he had received was fortunate; that is, he was prostrated flat upon his back his entire length upon the rope, and, though his balancing-pole went flying from his grip, and rattled down with a hollow clang upon the flagstones far below, he was not so stunned but his legs twined themselves half consciously upon the cord, and but two or three convulsive efforts with practiced hand and foot were required to place him once again upon his foothold, with his strong hands free, and his breast heaving with indignation and resentment.

"Villain! traitor!" he cried; "if thou wouldst murder me, it shall be here, openly, and in the eyes of all the world—not under the mask of an accident!"

"Be it so!" yelled Obermann, whom the sight of his would-be victim, alive and unharmed, seemed to inspire with sudden and desperate fury; and, flinging his own pole into the abyss, he drew a short, delicate rapier-guard from the silken folds of his breeches, and advanced steadily and menacingly upon his foe.

The wildest excitement arose in the throngs below as soon as the deadly nature of the affair became apparent, and a number of soldiers and policemen at once rushed forward to make their way to the extremities of the rope upon either side, though the majority of the multitude were either paralyzed or otherwise rendered incapable of concerted thought or action, if, indeed, either would have been of any avail under the peculiar circumstances.

They could only move wildly about, or gaze in speechless, horrible anticipation of that strange, mid-air tragedy, the like of which they had never conceived of before.

Victorine alone seemed to preserve her presence of mind, though her face was hueless as she leaned out over the coping of the cupola, with one hand pressed upon her heart and the other clutching at the quivering cord, and there was a strange, metallic ring in her voice as she cried out: "Retreat, Achille, retreat! There is still time to foil him!"

But Achille knew better, as she also would have known under less excitement; for a tight-rope performer can always move much faster forward than backward, and the adversaries were about equal in strength and skill.

Indeed, Achille did endeavor to run back out of harm's way, but his rival gained upon him so swiftly, with the uplifted knife in one hand, while preserving his balance with the other, that he quickly changed his tactics, and, suddenly dropping astride the rope, he stretched a hand to trip Francois from his foothold. But the Swiss was too quick for him. He also dropped astride the rope, just in time to save himself, and at the same time lunged out fiercely with the poignard.

Achille, by a lightning-like movement, thrust his whole body forward, so that the blade intended for his heart only penetrated the knotted muscles at the shoulder-blade of his right arm, when, with another swift, twling movement, he sent it short off at the hilt. He was grievously wounded, the short blade remained buried in his shoulder, and the blood was streaming from the gash. But the contest was now more equal. Obermann flung away the broken hilt with a frightful curse, and then, without another word, they flew at each other's throats.

For a moment they remained in that position, upright. Then they slowly turned upon the rope and hung each by one leg over the

'S STORY.

LIER.

So you've brought the
Yes, that's better, I
key? Right! What, ho
d this other gentleman
? 'Taint often I drink
softens and mellers the
ou say? Well, 'tis fair-
fat for the lover busi-
uppose! I can stick to
y, you know, in that old
ny near a dozen strong
h fit when it comes to
eling folks? Well, yes,
ing here, smoking and
e you may have heard
fter all beats acting out-
ace under myeyes, you
aster—about two years
own at our lodgin's one
d called, and wanted to
thought, 'tis one of our
ight, but I was wrong I
to her eyes, shrinking,
a charming little boy.
ore than two-and-twen'
brown, but ah, how full
in black, and she wore
d in gold, the weeds of
d spoke in a low, sweet
n, she seemed so gentle
e stage as an amateur,
e do to find her boy in
it?" I thought. "Well,
ks, she'd nicely line my
she sat with her boy be-
ulous hand his bonnie
ng back her mother had
her's darling and
o be rich, and was held
d left her destitute.
an aunt, who was well-
ior her a wealthy suitor,
d—who, like herself, was
ghty aunt had spurned
e said, and her voice was
nd too—he was drown'd
re lost; and now, in her
d but her little Charley
into——her heart? Oh, no. That would be the climax which everybody expected. She thrusts it into the neck of the prostrate V. K., who rolls over dead. Of course, this surprising denouement is met with terrific applause, in response to which Gushingly-five comes the gloom of the piece. We shall be surprised if "The Vermilion Knight" doesn't run for a million nights.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"THE VERMILION KNIGHT AND THE GUILT-EDGED BLONDE:"

A Thrilling and Original Tragedy of the Embroidered Stamp.

The scene upon which we herewith modestly invite you to feast your eyes is from "The Vermilion Knight and the Guilt-edged Blonde," an embroidered tragedy, written expressly for THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. The author himself called his work "The Red Knight and the Guilty Lady," but we have taken the liberty to make it "vermilion," to impart what the critics would call a deeper color; while "guilt" gives it a flavor of crime which we think will be relished. It is a wonderful play. There are four duels, thirteen murders, nine suicides, and we purpose, hereafter, to introduce two or three rehypothecations. The language is exalted, the action stately and the climaxes grand. This may be accepted as the simple truth, because it is what the author himself wrote on his manuscript. In the scene introduced above—which represents the interior of a church—the spectator beholds the hero and heroine of this thrilling drama. The G. B.—that is the Guilt-edged Blonde—has, in a preceding act, ordered the V. K.—the Vermilion Knight—to kill off half a dozen of her lovers who have awakened her ire by giving her diamonds which proved to be base imitations. Having faithfully performed this cheerful duty, the V. K. hastens to the church, and there, as per agreement, meets the G. B. The latter professes to be filled with remorse at what she has done. Drawing a jeweled dagger from her breast, she bids the V. K. kneel while she raises the weapon aloft and swears that she will put an end to her life. While the audience trembles with excitement, she suddenly thrusts the dagger into——her heart? Oh, no. That would be the climax which everybody expected. She thrusts it into the neck of the prostrate V. K., who rolls over dead. Of course, this surprising denouement is met with terrific applause, in response to which Gushingly-five comes the gloom of the piece. We shall be surprised if "The Vermilion Knight" doesn't run for a million nights.

WINNIE CLAIRE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS FANNIE BEANE BY WILL E. McNULTY.

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In the Summer-time, just as vesper chime
O'er hill and dale was peeling,
In a quiet nook, by a limpid brook,
I first met Winnie Claire;
With her raven hair toyed the fragrant air,
And the sighs that she breathed were stealing,
Playing hide-and-seek o'er her dimpled cheek—
Oh, it made her wondrous fair!
Chorus.—Rich and rare (*Dance Symphony*).
Free from care (*Dance Symphony*).
Was my witching little fairy, Winnie Claire,
In the Summer-time, when the vesper chime
O'er hill and dale was peeling.
In a quiet nook, by a limpid brook,
I first met Winnie Claire.
With a little start, like a timid hart,
She oped her eyes in wonder,
And she met my gaze, with her face ablaze,
For I most rudely stared.
I the silence broke, for I smiled and spoke,
Oh, my heart was rent asunder;
Then I tipped my hat and beside her sat,
And my passion I declared.
Chorus.—Rich and rare, etc.

Over hill and dale, through the grassy vale
We arm in arm went straying,
Till we neared the gate—then I knew my fate
Was a future bright and fair;
For she whispered "Yes" with a soft caress,
And a look that love's true betrayed,
She became my wife, she is mine for life,
My darling Winnie Claire.
Chorus.—Rich and rare, etc.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

N THE SOCIETY PLAY.

This beautiful young lady, whose dressmaker has not permitted the waste of any material in cutting the waist of her dress—this beautiful young lady, we repeat, is the heroine of a modern society drama. She is not happy. At all events. While her shapely head poised gracefully upon her rounded arm, she is weeping—weeping genuine tears over her dead lover. We have not space to tell how it happened, but there was a jealous husband (bless you, yes, the heroine is married), and there was also a duel, and the lover, not being a good shot, was killed. Thereupon the afflicted fair one turns away in indignant scorn from the superfluous husband and weeps for her lover. We would call especial attention to the fact that these are real tears. Emotional actr-sses, desiring engagements in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, must be able to shed legitimate tears; otherwise they will consider silence a polite negative. Considering the importance which in this case is to be attached to the lachrymal drops, it would seem to show that Tennyson was not wholly right when he called tears idle; for tears might secure an engagement and thus put an end to idleness.

WEEPING REAL TEARS.

SWEET MOLLIE MACHREE.

BY HARRY BARRON.

Och, Mollie Machree, what a beauty you are—
The pink of perfection's your rosy red mouth,
Your eyes through my wandering I follow me far
To eastward or westward, to north or to south;
The glint of your hair is like sunshine, I ween;
Your skin is as fair as a dove's breast could be;
Your foot is the smallest that ever was seen,
And your heart is the cruelest, Mollie Machree.
Chorus.
Och, Mollie Machree, sweet Mollie Machree.
If I should come back would you soften to me?
Oh, send but a whisper o'er land and o'er sea,
And your boy will come back to you, Mollie Machree.

Och, Mollie Machree, at your picture I look,
Though your reason for sendin' it isn't quite clear,
For long ago Cupid the photograph took,
And used my poor heart as a negative, dear!

But perhaps you're relentin' you sent me away,
To make me a rover o'er land and o'er sea;
But now after waitin' this many a day,
You send me this token, my Mollie Machree.
Chorus.—Och, Mollie, etc.

Och, Mollie Machree, is it foolin' you be!
Is your heart turning soft after all this long time?
Do you weep for the boy over sent over the sea,
An' lovin' you truly his one only crime?
Your picture is here, on this picture you sent,
The direction is plain, "Mary Machree,"
But not a word more—sure what's your intent,
And what is your purpose, oh, Mary Machree!
Chorus.—Och, Mollie, etc.

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AT THE WASHINGTON CIRCUS, PHILADELPHIA, PA., IN 1838.

C. R. Baker of Trenton, N. J., contributes a copy of a satin programme in his possession. Chris. Hughes, the clown and beneficiary, died some years ago. Ringmaster Isaac Asten is dead. Dan Ricardo, comic vocalist, died in New Orleans, La. S. P. Stickney died in Cincinnati, O., March 20, 1877. Dan Minnich is living in Bedford Springs, Pa. Charles J. Rogers and Levi J. North were the boy-riders; both are now in retirement. John S. Whittaker, a brother of the well-known Frank Whittaker, was killed during the Mexican War.

WASHINGTON CIRCUS,
On the Old York Road, between Tammany and Green sts.
POSITIVELY FOR THIS NIGHT ONLY.
Not more strange than true. Now or never!
On this occasion Colonel Pluck will appear in the Ring.
This is the night for fun—come and see me, everyone.
Hughes, the Washington Circus clown,
Wishes to inform the people of this town
That this opportunity they ought to embrace,
O'casion to see his benefit take place.
Those that wish to see—your families bring,
And for Mirth and Glee, Hughes he is the thing;
A variety of riding, jumping and tricks, so-forth.
Ladies and gentlemen, one and all, I invite
To come and see me on my Benefit Night;
I assure you beside the first time I am down,
And if you wish to laugh, come and see the clown.
Mr. Murphy will play on the Kent bugle,
And conclude by playing the Yankee Doodle;
Also will dance for mirth and glee.
If you miss this night, you miss seeing me.
THIS EVENING, THURSDAY, Nov. 27, 1828,
Long's performance to commence with a comic
entree of six clowns, arranged by Mr. Hughes.
Equestrian exercises by the undaunted youth Master
Rogers; Ringmaster, Mr. Asten; Chasterboxgabblejoke,
the Clown, Mr. Hughes.
Comic song—"Tippetty Witchet".....by..... Mr. Ricardo
Mr. Stickney will introduce his admired scene of
THE DRUNKEN SOLDIER.
Ridingmaster, Mr. Asten; Clown, Mr. Hughes.
The semi-equestrian DAVID JACK will go through all
his acts of horsemanship on his pony, for this night only.
Clown to the monkey and pony.
COLONEL JOHN PLUCK
COMIC DUET OF "O! CRUEL,"
by Messrs. Ricardo and Minnich.
HORSEMANSHIP BY MONS. RICHER.
Ridingmaster, Mr. Asten; Clown, Mr. Hughes.
HERCULEAN FEATS BY MR. EAGLESON,
who will go through many feats of Herculean strength and agility.
HORSEMANSHIP BY MASTER NORTH.
Riding-master, Mr. Asten; Clown, Mr. Hughes.
Mr. WHITTAKER will introduce the beautiful scene of
THE FLYING INDIAN.
In the course of the evening there will be a scientific set-to between MESSRS. NAULTY and HABURN, who have kindly tendered their services on this occasion.
THE GREAT ROOSEVELT
COMIC DUET OF "THE RIVAL BEAUTIES,"
by Messrs. Ricardo and Whittaker.
HORSEMANSHIP BY MASTER RAYMOND, WITHOUT SADDLE OR BRIDLE
Riding-master, Mr. Asten; Clown, Mr. Hughes.
In the course of the evening
MR. RICARDO, AS PAUL PRY,
will drop in for several songs.
DOUBLE DWARF DANCE
by Mr. Whittaker and Master Rogers.
HUGHES, CLOWN,
will introduce his sports, such as spinning the tambourine and dancing his pupil, Master Jemmy, only 16 inches high.
DRUNKEN COBBLER AND HIS WIFE, ON STILTS,
by Messrs. Hunter and Richer.
The performance to conclude with
SLACK-WIRE, by Messrs. Gullen and Hughes.
After which Mr. Hughes will give a brilliant display of several pieces of fireworks.
Doors open at 6; performance commences at 7 o'clock precisely.
Boxes, 50c.; pit, 25c. Children under twelve years (with their parents) admitted to the boxes at half-price.
Tickets to be had at the box-office of the circus. Good officers in attendance, and order will be kept.
No smoking allowed within the circus. Master North respectfully informs his friends and the public that, in consequence of the bad weather on Saturday night last, the manager has given him Saturday night next for his benefit.

THE BOY ACROBAT.

The small boy is an article which, in the economy of nature, has its uses, like all other things. Sometimes this assertion may be doubted, as, for instance, when the small boy makes himself sick by eating mince-pie, or breaks the parlor mirror by practicing feats of juggiery. Nevertheless, he has his uses, and chief among them are acrobatic performances. The small boy as an acrobat is really a luxury. We introduce him in this character to your notice. He is able to perform a great many difficult feats, and he rarely hurts himself except when some society with a long name persists in stretching a net under him. The boy acrobat never runs away from school, never steals apples, and never invites his father to pull down his waistcoat. It would not be surprising if such a good little boy as this died young. Kind-hearted people are sometimes led to the belief that the life of the young acrobat is one of unbroken hardship and cruelty. This is a very serious mistake. The small boy who learns to throw flip-flaps in the ring likes it above all things, and rarely turns to any other calling when free to do so. There is a certain charm about the life which compensates for a great deal that is unpleasant; and as for the danger incurred, that only lends additional relish to the performances. Besides, how much wiser it is for the small boy to break his bones while acquiring a useful profession, than to break them by falling from a woodshed where he has no right to be! And we venture to say that more small boys are injured in the latter way than in the former.

THE SMALL BOY AS AN ACROBAT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, WHEN THE BAR-ROOM'S FULL.

A PARODY. COMPOSED BY REN KING AND DEDICATED TO HARRY KERNELL.

I've a cousin, an eccentric—
He keeps a barroom at the East End—
Once a week I go to see him—
Saturday night I've the time to spend.
He has singing, he has dancing,
In the week sure, he has a ball,
But the sights are so entrancing,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

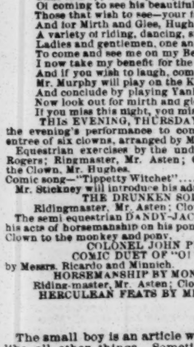
He has porter, and cold water—
Of the latter ye can drink your full!
But what makes me merry is his Tom and Jerry,
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Every nation in creation
Is represented at his bar—
The wrecks, Italians, and the Germans
Step in his place while the door's ajar,
For his fine whiskey, rye and bourbon,
Bad stuff, too, that would tell a bull,
Though it's risky to imbibe it
Saturday night, when the barroom's full.

Spoken.—Las Saturday night, at me cousin's, a police-man came in, and he says to me cousin, says he: "I'd like to take a nap." And me cousin put him under the bar. About one o'clock he woke up, and he says to me cousin: "What kind of a night is it?" Me cousin he says: it was snowing "Well," says the policeman, "I must be getting down to the station-house, but I'm too dry!" "Have a drink," says me cousin. "No," says the police-man, "I mane me close are too dry." "All right," says me cousin, "I can fix that," and, going behind the bar, he got a pail of water and threw it over the policeman. He went to the station-house as though he'd been out all night. But when I think of it I have to say:

Chorus.—He has porter, etc.

WAITING FOR HER CUE.



WAITING FOR HER CUE.

This is as she appears in the wings waiting for her cue. It is really a matter of regret that our artist should present such a limited view of her symmetrical figure; but the form of the beautiful may contentment himself with a study of the face. She is a very beautiful girl, as will readily be seen. Her rich, wavy hair falls in abundant tresses about her shapely neck and shoulders. [We have seen something like that before, but it applies to our young lady in the wings just as well as though written for her special benefit.] We do not know what her cue is, but it ought to be something in the "Beloved-where-art-thou" line. When she steps out before the footlights it will serve as a cue for the appreciative audience to applaud enthusiastically—which is one of the curious things about this young lady's appearance. Yes, and if it were not against our principles never to reveal any of the private affairs of the artists who appear in THE CLIPPER VARIETIES, we might say that this same beautiful young lady gets a good many cues which are not given upon the stage. Quiet little suppers, you know, for which somebody else has the privilege of paying, and occasional drives in the Park, and small bottles of Piper Heidsieck, and jewelry, and all that sort of thing. But then, these are not matters which concern the public. Let it be hoped that they will not so deeply concern the young lady herself as to cause her to forget her cue.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. LXI.

THE OLD NATIONAL THEATRE, N. Y.

A history of this house has already been published in THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, and once an engraving was given of it as it appeared when burned for the last time. All, therefore, that can reasonably be expected of the present article is a different method of treatment, to which will be superadded some few financial facts furnished us by Henry Willard, one of its lessees.

The building that in 1836 became the National Theatre was originally opened as the Italian Opera-house. It was, unless the old musical city of New Orleans can possibly show an earlier among its archives, the first of its class in America, having been built expressly for opera. Its projectors were a stock-company, prominent among whom were the Depaus, Platt, Robt. Ray and the Costars, the latter of whom subsequently had their vast private mansion, in Broadway near Spring street, transformed into the Chinese Assembly Rooms, which ultimately became Barnum's Museum, and was burned on March 3, 1868. The location of the opera-house was the northwest corner of Church and Leonard streets, the lot being 100x150ft. Real estate must have been cheaper then than now, for, though a very respectable neighborhood in the city, but it was a quarter of a mile distant, in the villainous precincts of the "Old Brewery" and the Five Points. The thoroughfares crossing Church street were the rendezvous of the higher-toned "whitened sepulchres" of the day. Before the opera-house had become the National Theatre, Leonard street had acquired the additional infamy it did not need through the butchery of Helen Jewett. This tragedy, whose perpetrator the law has never been able to reach, occurred some time between the night of April 9, 1836, and the Sunday morning following, at the house No. 41 Thomas street, two blocks south of the opera-house, which had then lain idle a long time, mainly because of its being in an objectionable neighborhood. It should not be fancied that the whole ward was depraved because so many of the cross-streets had been given up to *maisons de joie*. Almost where the Helen Jewett murder occurred, Thomas street, as it neared Hudson—then a most fashionable thoroughfare, whose large and comfortable brick dwellings are still standing—began to be respectable. But to the eastward, virtually as far as East Broadway—then occupied by the staid Quaker community whose houses still loom up, but with stores or else a different class of people in them—the denizens in the main were not those calculated to support an opera-house. For the same reason, the location of the Broadway Theatre was not well chosen. With the Five Points almost at its back, and in front Church street lined with low brothels, it may be said to have been in a predicament. It could be decently approached only from up or down Broadway; and only upon its own side of Broadway at that, for upon the opposite side was the City Hospital, so situated as scarcely to cast a glimmer of light upon its Broadway frontage, up and down which paced unprotectable females. The Broadway Theatre was opened in the Fall of 1847, and it was closed finally in the Spring of 1859—a short life, truly, for one of the few metropolitan theatres never endangered by fire. Had not the Park Theatre been burned out of existence in 1848, the Broadway Theatre would probably not have lived five years, merely because of its location. It was but little better situated, in a moral aspect, than the National. When the latter burned down, brothels were so near it as to be involved in its ruin.

It was opened as an opera-house on Nov. 18, 1833, with the opera of "La Gazza Ladra." The prices were $1.50, sofa seats $2, pit $1, and gallery 75cts. Such an auditorium as it possessed was never before seen in this country. Boxes monopolized the second tier, and the first tier was connected with the balcony and pit. Until then there had been no such connection in our theatres. A somewhat similar arrangement has existed at the Bowery Theatre since the twelve-and-a-half-cent pit was abolished. Representations of the Muses occupied the dome of the opera-house, the scene painting being by Gaudenzky, Grossi, Bragaldi, and Albe. The box-fronts were painted white, with emblematic medallions and panels of crimson, blue and gold. The floors were richly carpeted, and the sofas, as well as the seats in the pit, were covered with blue damask. The season closed on July 31, 1834, having fallied peculiarity to meet expectations. Nearly all of the Italian artists who sang had been engaged in Europe by Chevalier Rivafinoli. Not one of their names is familiar to the present generation. The second season began on Nov. 10, 1834, and closed with the incoming of the Summer of 1835. This was virtually the end of it as an opera-house. The only familiar names of that season were Sig. and Adelaide Ferrero, whose progeny are residents of this city, and Miss Julia Wheatley, who ventured into the domain of Italian opera, and who was one of the sisters of the late William Wheatley, manager.

After it had been occupied for about a year, the stockholders of the Newark Mail sold them to Henry Willard and Thomas Flynn. The latter was a favorite actor, and the original, by the way, of Sergt. Austerlitz in New York. His partner had been conspicuous in the box-office of the Bowery Theatre, where Flynn himself was in the stock as late as 1835–6. The rental exacted of Willard & Flynn was $10,000 per annum. While Flynn went to London to procure talent, Willard remained at home to superintend alterations in the house. The stockholders allowed Willard $5,000 towards such changes as he chose to make. The alterations so far as actually made cost upwards of $10,000, Flynn & Willard paying the difference. As reconstructed it was one of the handsomest theatres then in America. Hatch was the machinist, Flannery the costumer, Morell the property man, and Jimmy Anderson the prompter, William Mitchell the stage-manager, and Richard Bengough the scenic artist. Among the company were Miss C. Woodhull, Mrs. Conduit (afterwards Mrs. Ben De Bar), Mrs. Flynn (wife of the manager, and for a season of the old Lafayette Theatre), and Mary Gannon (then a child, but afterwards one of the three great female favorites at the Olympic Theatre No. 2), Mrs. Watts (now Mrs. John Sefton), Miss Newell (afterwards Mrs. George Loder No. 1), Mr. and Mrs. George Stevenson, the latter, then the wife of Mr. Hackett (known as stage-manager or prompter, being both in one at the Bowery Theatre in 1842–3), Thomas Placide, John St. Luke (leader of choruses, in addition to his labors in the orchestra and his occasional appearances as a bad comedian), Burke (then a lad), Everard (who was janitor of the National when it was last burned down), Baldock the comedian, Gilbert (not the present John, though he had, if we correctly remember what we have somewhere read, made his first appearance publicly in the professional line which he did many years afterwards, viz., Sir Edward Mortimer in "The Iron Chest"), W. F. Johnson (a singing actor who died in hospital at the West), Miss Watson (still living, probably, as Mrs. Bailey), C. B. Thorne (not Boucicault's brother-in-law) and wife, Corey (who became a minister in this city), J. W. Wallack Jr. (who had long before played boys' parts at the Bowery Theatre, and was but little more than a boy then), Morley the basso, Andrew Pickering (who married the Miss Woodhull already mentioned), golden-locked Charles W. Taylor, Mons. Checkent and wife, Mlle. Arraline (afterwards with the Ravels as a dancer), John B. Scott and Charles D. S. Howard. Of these, Flynn had brought from abroad Howard, Checkent and wife, Arraline, Powell and Bengough. Howard married Mrs. John Hoey's sister, now Mrs. Harry Watkins; Bengough married the daughter of Wm. Mitchell; and Mitchell himself was later the proprietor of the noted Olympic.

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Sycorax	Wells	Kate of Coventry	Flynn

In the foregoing cast, of which Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Thorne are probably the sole survivors, will be recognized not only the wife of David Ingersoll and the mother of the present Joseph Jefferson, but likewise the ancestors of John Henry, Alfred Eugene, and Harry Welby Cooke, equestrians, at present circus-managing in Scotland. Charlotte Cushman began an engagement on April 22, the remarkable feature of which was that in the course of it she played none but male characters, from Romeo to Tom Tug the Waterman. Hackett's unsuccessful season terminated on May 24, and on Sept. 4, 1837, the elder J. W. Wallack opened the National as lessee, and that season introduced Mary Taylor in a speaking part and William E. Burton to the New York public for the first time, and gave the lately-deceased wife of Gen. Benjamin F. Butler her second opportunity to appear upon the stage, as Beatrice to his (Wallack's) Benedick. On Sept. 23, 1839, the National, which had become a serious rival to the Park Theatre, was burned to the ground. Wallack took his company to Niblo's Garden, and played them there until Nov. 18, when they disbanded. Wallack returned to Europe; and when the National was rebuilt its lessee was Alexander Wilson, a failing tragedian whose wife (Miss Twibell) had in 1812 been a rare favorite at our Olympic Theatre No. 1. Wilson opened it Oct. 12, 1840, as the National Opera-house. He closed early in January, reopened on Feb. 15, and closed finally on March 12. On April 13, 1841, William E. Burton opened it, thus assuming the managerial reins for the first time in this city, and under his regime the National was burned finally on the morning of May 29 following, the last pieces performed there being "Love, Law and Physic," and "Shenkiramia," on May 28. The spectacle was thus cast:

Ninus	Mr. Jamieson	Alliet	Miss Randolph
Memnon	C. Howard	Nynias	Miss J. Shaw
Belzarzan	Blakeley	Nylinas	Mrs. T. Kemble
Semiramis		Nylinas	Miss Cushman

The only ones who remain to tell the tale are Miss Josephine Shaw and Tom Blakeley, the latter of whom is supposed to be somewhere in the recently annexed portion of this city. The theatre never rose again from its ashes. It had simply injured the Park. It never paid anybody except possibly Mr. Willard. Very often it failed to pay even its actors and musicians. But the "stars," who made the expenses inordinately heavy, were always more fortunate in being able to shake hands with "The Ghost."

BASEBALL.

CLIPPER PRIZES FOR 1878.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER proposes to offer a series of valuable prizes for the best play shown by the clubs belonging to the International Association during 1878, under a special code of rules which will be submitted hereafter. The prizes will consist, first, of a handsome club-flag, on which will be inscribed "The International Association Champions," the said flag to be competed for each year, the winner of the flag for 1878 to fly it during 1879, and then to resign it to the club winning the championship of the Association for the latter year; secondly, of a series of nine elegant gold badges, or medals, to be awarded to those occupants of the nine positions who have the best record of the season in the clubs belonging to the International Association of 1878. The flag will cost $100, and the nine badges $150. We shall give particulars, together with rules to govern the competition for the prizes, in a future issue of THE CLIPPER.

BALL TALK.

If the unusual mildness of the present Winter is followed by an early Spring, the baseball season will be opened at least a month earlier than it was in 1877. Already is the note of preparation heard, the sporting-goods houses of the metropolis having recently received orders for baseball goods for the season of 1878. People who are possessed of the idea that the game has declined in public favor would open their eyes in astonishment were they to peruse the statistics of the business transacted in baseball-goods by the leading firms of this country. Last year were made from 500,000; balls by the thousand gross; uniforms by the thousand, and baseball material of all kinds in the same ratio. When it is considered that a club of nine players can be provided with bats, balls and uniforms, in fact a complete outfit for about seventy-five dollars, it will be seen that a baseball club incurs less expense than a club organized for almost any other sport in vogue.....There is every promise now that the convention of the International Association about to be held in Buffalo will be the most important and influential gathering of professional-club representatives since the first convention in Cleveland in 1872. There will be at least fifteen first-class clubs represented, and it is safe to say that before the season opens most of the reputable professional organizations not in the League will be enrolled as members of the International Association.....There has hardly been a season when so many professional players—and good ones too—were at command in this city, and Miss Julia Wheatley, who has ventured into the domain of Italian opera, and who was one of the sisters of the late William Wheatley, manager.

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THE WESTERN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first legitimate struggle for supremacy in the West, between the leading professional nines in that section, was in 1875, though in 1870 there was a trial of skill between the Chicago and Cincinnati teams of that year, in which the former club bore off the honors, winning two games out of three, that number forming the regular championship series. From 1870 until 1875 while in existence the Chicago nine held the lead. In 1875 the St. Louis Club was organized to defeat Chicago, battalled, and it remained a drawn match, each club winning five of the regular series played. In 1876, however, the St. Louis nine won a majority of games from the Chicago team, though in the aggregate of games played with all the clubs in the arena out West Chicago took the lead. In 1877, though Chicago badly defeated St. Louis, they failed to take the lead in the aggregate score of games played by Western teams, the Louisvilles bearing off the palm. By request we give the full record of the Western championship, as between St. Louis and Chicago, to the close of 1877:

In 1870 the Chicago nine, in the match for the Western championship, defeated the Cincinnati Red Stockings, as follows:

Sept. 7, Chicago v

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ ALL MATTER INTENDED, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 28.

LADIES' LIST.

Austin, Cora & M.
Archer, Lottie
Alberta, Laura
Aekes, Mrs. Fannie
Arnold, Miss G.
Audley Sisters
Bent, Belle
Barclay, Mrs. Anna
Blande, Edith
Bartello, Carrie
Beaumont, Estelle (2)
Bliss-Louise
Bonhell, Louise (2)
Buchannan, Virginia
Byron, Lizzie
Banks, Mrs. Dollie
Beaumont, Nellie
Cushing, May
Cody, Mrs. W. F
Conklin, Helen
Carborne, Miss
Cattan, Mrs. Nellie
Cowrie, Mrs. Ira
Cory, Lo-is
Crabtree, Lotta
Coleman, Alice A.
Clifford, Florence
Chaprioneer Lillian
Carey, Nellie
Carlton, Nellie
Dixon, Blanche
Dowron, Dora
Dreyfuss, Allie (song-and-dance)
Davenport, Maude
De Stellini, Alice
Delard, Annie
Exod, Hazel
Fox, Annie (3)
Fiest, Mrs.
Fox, Annie J. (of Halsey's Co.)
Franzini, Adele (2)
Foster, Minnie
Fox, Ardine
Gangain, Marie
Gilbert, Jennie
Gibbons, Leanora Bradley
Gardner, Mrs. Albert
Hallet, Alta
Hall, Lillie (2)
Howard, Lillian
Hall, Marie (2)
Herrick, Grace
"Imogene"
Ilerd, Celia
Irving, Henrietta
Ifert, Belle
Idaletta & Wallace (2)
Jackson, Virgie
Kellogg, Alice (with Berger Family)
Kirby, Della, sc.
Lorille, Miss F.
Lawton, Minnie (2)
Leon, Claud
Large, Kate
La Clair, Laura (actress) 3c.
Lawrence Sisters
Lyle, Edith
Markoe, Daisie
Martineau, Sadie
Macarte, Madam
McDonald, Nellie
Mulvey, Lizzie
Martelle, Mlle.
Markham, Pauline
Moore Sisters
Mitchell, Maggie (3)
Moore, Ella C.
Monzert, Belle
Maxwell, Katie
Morton, Mrs. J. W. (2)
Nicely, Lillia A.
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
Oakden, Gertrude
Phillips, Amy
Pearl, Mable (2)
Ransom, Alice
Richards, Pauline
Ryse, Mrs. Ellis
Richmond, Josie
St. Felix, Leanora
Simpson, Elliese
Selwyn, Blanche
Sidney, Frankie
Schoti, Angie
St. Felix, Charlotte
St. Felix, Henretta
Sutton, Maude
Stanhope or King, Addie
Stanwood, Ada
St. Felix Sisters (3) 5c.
St. Felix, Mrs. M.
Stanley, Mrs. Charlotte M.
Tarelli, Mlle. A. F.
Venn, Lizzie
Vicker, Mattie
Wilson, Mollie
Willard, Millie
Webb, Mrs. Albert
Woods, Carrie
Yeamans & Bonnie Runnells, Jennie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allison, C. W. (of Ste. Marie's Circus)
"A. A. A."
Adams, Yank (leader)
Alverratta, Lew
Abbey, S. K.
Alexander, H.
Alexander, Geo.
Ainsworth, C.
Brennan, R. H.
Bryan, John (dramatic agent)
Boles, T. J.
Blanchett, C. E.
Banghman, Hyde
Barlow, Wm.
Barrett, Lawrence
Byron, Fred
Baptisten, M. Mons (ballet-master)
Biddle or Angli
Schott, L. F.
Bronson, Albert
Bonnell Bros.
Benedict, Lew (2)
Bowron, W. A.
Brachi, Geo.
Birdue, G. (song and-dance)
Bogie, Joe
Chevalier & Doris
Barlow, M. G.
Byron, O. D. (2)
Bibee, Frank
Burton, Rice (gymnast)
Bargwell, Fred. (adv. agent)
Bowman, G. B. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Blood, Robt. C.
Bowles, Frank
Bagnall, W. (of Bagnall & Carroll)
Brooks, Ellis (2)
Bryant's Minstrels, Manager
Banker, Ed.
Ordona, Harry
Chace & Davis (2)
Clark, Chas.
Campbell, Bartley
Clapp, Henry
Carlton, Frank
Chapman, J. C.
Clapp, Lew
Clark, Chas. H.
Corvella, Robt
Cole, Geo. (of Queen's Circus)
Clark, W. B. (banjo-maker)
Cole, W. W. (2)
Crossley, Miss (2)
Callender, Chas. (2) 15c.
Cohan, Jerry
Cobb, Willis
Carlswert, Eugene
Clark, Will (of McWade's Co.)
Clearly, Frank M. (of McWade's Co.)
Cody, Hon W. F. (4)
Cooper, Wm. H. (actor)
Cherent, Harry
Coleman, D. W.
Carroll, J. W.
Crichton, U.
Collister, W. B.
Diamond, Chas.
Day, Chas. W.
Drayton, Herr
Dykeman, Ed.
Ducrow, Wm.
Dreanning & Leslie
Delehanty, W. H.
Dumont, Frank
Durbin
Daly, M. C (2)
Dickeson, H. (p.o. London, Eng. (2)
Dunbar, G. W. (trapezist)
Devere, Wm.
Delavara, Geo. W.
Dunvare, Frank
Doty, J. Arthur
Davis, Lewis H.
Everett, Geo.
Eckhard, Edward
Emidy, M. (with Stone & Bronson)
Emerson, J. H. (late of Emerson)
Emerson, Dan (banjoist)
Enos, A.
Eastwood, C. W.
Fontaine, Mr.
Forbes, Chas.
Forrester, Bruce
Fernet, D. A.
Forepaugh, Adam (3)
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Fish, C. W.
Fox & Ward
Fox, Geo. (comedian)
Forbes, Ned
Fowler, Tom B. (2)
Frayne & Mack
Falling, E. R.
Fox, Wm. (comique)
Frayne, Frank
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Ferguson & Mack
Fawcett, Jim
French, Edwin
Good, A. (band leader)
Germon, J. D.
"G. T. M." (3) 5c.
Gibbons & Russell
Gallod, Joe (manager)
Gilfoil, Ben
Gale, G. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Graham, R. E.
Griffiths, N.
Graves, Frank W
Gaston, Geo.
Gaylor, Bobby
Glover, H. H.
Gothold, E. M.
Gale, W.
Giovanni, Sig.
Geyer, Albert
Granton, Harry
Hengler, Mr. (of Proprietor of Theatre, Worcester
Hengler, Mr. (of Delehanty & Heng.)
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Harrington, Prof. (magician)
Hall, Frank A.
Heath, Prof. McIntyre & Heath)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hess, C. G.
Hyers, S. S.
Hinchett, D.
Howe, Frank
Hamilton, W. S. (2)
Harris & Carroll
Hibernian Hall, Worcester, Manag.
Hoolooban, R. (of Hess Op. Co.)
Hooley & Thompson
Howard, D. (with Hibernicon Co.)
Hernandez, Montie
Howe, Bert (gymnast)
Harrison, Eugene H.
Hutcheons, Jas (privileges)
Huber, Fred. 9c.
Hyatt, Frank
Hearne, Jas.
Hamilton, Theo.
Jones, Frank (of Jones & Schaub)
Jones & Kaling, J.
Jackson, A (of Emmett Minst.)
Jones, T. V.
Jones, L. F. (of Huffman's Co.)
Jennings, O.
Kunkle, Geo.
Keen, Jule
Kendrick, Frank M.
Kendrick, F. M.
Kidwell, D. D.
Kayes, The
Lyle, James
Liston, Hudson
Lennon, Jack
Leonard, Walla
Levitt, Harry
Lewis, Frank
Lyle, W. S.
Linton, Guy
Levantine, Fred. (2)
Little, Richd. (of Georgia Minst.)
Lennox, Geo. H.
Lewis, C. A.
Leopold, Geo.
La Conte, Sim.
Locke, E. A.
Lawrence, Leorrin
Lindley, Harry
London Pavilion, Hartford, Manag.
Leslie, Lew (of Leslie Bros.)
Lennox, Geo. J.
McWade, Robt.
Magee, Chas.
Melner, H. (of Buffalo Bill Co.)
Martin, Prof. (wizard)
McVicker & Burke
Moores, J. R.
Mack, Jimmy (pedestal "bit") (2)
Murray, John H.
Morris, G. W. (of Hughes' Co.)
Marrs, Frank
Maffit, Jas. S. (2)
Morton, J. W.
Marshall, F. W.
McDonald, J. G (of Chanfrau's Co.)
McGlone, Pete
Mowbray, J.
Magee, Wm.
Moreland, Harry
Mack, Dick (of Laura J. Mack)
Martinetta, Ed. (pantomimist)
MacEvoy, Frank
McCormick, L. M.
McLain, Charlie
Mullen, J. J.
Morse, J. T.
Morton, Joseph
Mitchell, Sam N.
McIntyre, H. D.
Moulton, Ed.
Norman, O. H.
Nickle, Robt. (magician)
Neary, Jr.
Nelson, F. H. (of Washburn's Co.) (2)
Nunn, Frank
Newman, H. B.
O'Brien Bros.
O'Brien, J. (of O'Brien's Circus)
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, Fred (2)
O'Lynn, Bryan
Primrose, G. H. (3)
Partello, W. H.
Phoits, The
Pico, C. (2)
Palmer, John
Pierson, Harry (burlesque "bit")
Proprietor of Theatre, Worcester
Pease, Harry
Powell, E. L.
Pierce, Harry R.
Pitou, Augustus
Peasley, John
Pierson, Harry
Pfaff, Henry
Queen, Montgomery
Robbins, Burr (2)
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Rogers, H. S.
Russell, L. H.
Rivers, Frank with Frank Mayo)
Reese, Chas. (comedian)
Rosenbaum, E.
Rogers, Geo.
Rate
Fitzgerald & Ryan
Rose, Francis O.
Rice, Edward
Rice, Fanlne
Robinson, Harry
Stone, Den
Sprigs, Harry
Smith, Ed. C.
Sargent, H. J.
Siavin, J. H.
Simms, John J. (2)
Springer, T. A. (2)
Sautelle, Sig.
Skeet, Sam
Swain, Sam (2)
Sutton, C. E.
Springer, Ait.
Scott, Fred
Sheridan, W. (of Sheridan Bros.)
Smith, James
Snowles, J. J.
Streeter, F.
Stowe, Will
Smith & Fox
Seaman, C. (of Seaman & Somers)
Stirling, J. R.
Somers, Thos. C.
Singleton, Mr. (vocalist) 12c.
Smith & Byrne
Smith, Ed. C.
Tools, Col. T. R.
Tams, J. W.
Thompson, Den
Thomas, Pres.
Thompson, John
Tannehill, H.
Tighe, James
Tudors, The
Uffner, Frank
Vallette & Kingcade
Van Warmer, G. H.
Voose, A. E.
Wood & West
Wilson, Louis
Wingfield, John
Wade, Thos.
West, W. H.
Walters, Lew
Wallace, Chas. E.
Watson, Fred
Welch & Hughes
Wallace, J. J.
Wheeler, H. E.
Wing, Chas. A.
Walton, Punch
Walters, Chas. E.
Wood, A. F.
Williams, John (Lancashire Lad)
West, Ned (comedian)
Wert, Chas. L.
Williams, Gus
Woodville, Jas.
Wilson, Ned A.
Weltzein, Chas. F.
Wells, C. B.
Ward, Billy (vocalist)
Washburn, E. S.
Warner, J. E. (agent)
Woods, Geo. W. ("bones")
Walz, Fred
Wilson, J. (candy "bit")
Williams, W. (of Sully & Williams)
Young, Wm. (Goldarrett's Co.)
"Young Ocie"

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office for Geo. W. Harley of Bryant's Minstrels, E. E. Pearl of Harry Robinson's Minstrels, Estelle Mortimer of Campbell's Minstrels, Mrs. E. S. Reeve, of N. Y. Comedy Co., Dan Rice and Jos. H. Childs of Dan Rice's Circus.

THERE IS A LETTER in the Spencer (Ind.) Post-office for Daisie Markoe.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Jan. 28, '78.

The Empire City is peace! We make this announcement in the interest of law and order and humanity, and to disabuse the public mind of any error into which it may have been led by sundry and divers items in the daily papers hinting at war and rumors of war between some of the non-pugilistic, non-combative managers in this city. So far from there being any ill-feeling, any antagonistic purpose, existing against another in the managerial theatrical ranks, we can assure our friends that sweet peace and harmony rule the stage, and that all is brotherly love and true friendship. To be sure, there have been reports floating round to the effect that Dobbs & Stubbs of the Christian Alliance Dramatic Temple were about to crush out the Foresaid Shaking Quaker presided over by Burnaby & Desliver; that the former had secured the right to produce in America a French play called "The Poisoned Padlock, or the Doom of the Mumblepeggs," which the latter declared was their sole property, and to defend their claim to which they would shed every drop of blue blood or crimson gore which coursed through the arteries of their humane system. That was bad enough, but here was something much worse. Gorman & Elsegood of Le Grand Chateneuse were, according to these reports, stealthily undermining the dramatic forum by seeking to bribe Josephus Donegal, leading supernumerary of the Gaiety Bastile, to leave the latter, and go over to the rival house on a promise of a "raise" of twenty-five cents per night on his regular salary of two shillings! To get at the true story, we interviewed Dobbs & Stubbs, at their princely mansion on Fifth avenue, just as they were sitting down to dinner in the privacy of their own happy household. Covers were laid for ten, but room was made for one more at the festive board. The *menu* was all that the most fastidious taste could wish for—everything to tempt the latent appetite was there in abundance. Between drinks, Dobbs laughed heartily at the serious view taken of their innocent little plot to entrap the gullible public, and Stubbs assured us, in all seriousness, that so far from there being any unfriendly feeling between Dobbs & Stubbs and Burnaby & Desliver, he need only say that the four gentlemen named had lunched together that very day, and over their salads had renewed their vows of friendship, and gave one another evidence of their distinguished consideration, etc. It was merely a trick of the trade, practiced alike in the pulpit, at the bar, and on the legitimate dramatic stage. Next morning we interviewed Gorman & Elsegood of Le Grand at their matutinal meal. These gentlemanly and indefatigable managers scouted the idea that they had sought to bribe Josephus Donegal to act in their behoof as leader of the supernumerary forces; it was merely a clever bit of strategy to draw attention to their new play of "The Mermaid's Cave, or the Siren's Last Sigh," to be produced at enormous expense, with new scenery by Allright, Dufour and Camello, the great scenic painters of the age, and with a larger force of the superficial element than were ever before seen upon the stage at one time, not even excepting "The Black Crook" in the days of its primitive vigor and Amazonian warfare. The breakfast was a shade over the usual display made at our first houses, and we parted, fully convinced that Gorman & Elsegood knew what they were about, and that they had merely closed the public eye by one of those little subterfuges so common with first-class metropolitan managers. Then we called upon the law firm of Pomeroy, Drumgoole & Pomeroy, to ascertain what *they* knew about the alleged theatrical fracas. The elder Pomeroy and young Drumgoole were unanimous in their opinion that it was a matter in which we had no right to interfere, much as they respected the rights and freedom of the press; the friendly interview terminated as a recherche luncheon at the Hotel de Mowbray. Thus far we had been very successful in the prosecution of our labors; but, determined to leave no stone unturned, we straightway proceeded across the Atlantic to Paris, where we met and dined with Labourdenaire & Weisbaden, French and German scholars of great renown, who, as collaborateurs, designed "The Poisoned Padlock" and "The Mermaid's Cave," and sold them to various managers in America as the latter's sole and individual property. "The Padlock" was a happy conception of the late Eugene De Boudinot; his death, in the opulence of his fame, made it necessary that Labourdenaire & Weisbaden should take up the thread dislocated by the hand of death and complete it. This they had done, and the rest we know. We returned once more to the metropolis, where the fatted calf and mammoth ox were killed to commemorate our return and the success of our explorations abroad. To serve up the whole thing in a nutshell, we would state that the bad business which has been the rule at our leading legitimate theatres made it necessary, in the opinions of the suffering managers, that a little subterfuge, a little deceit, as it were, and an appearance of hostility towards one another, should be resorted to in order to attract public attention from Brothers Talmage and Beecher, and lure the human hive into those channels which lead to the theatres and temples of the drama. There is really no trouble between the managers, the supers are as loyal as they ever were, "The Poisoned Padlock" is neither better nor worse than "The Bloody Deadlatch," which preceded it fifteen years ago, and which, in fact, it closely resembles; and "The Mermaid's Cave" is but another name for "The Bounced Coryphee," still fresh in the recollections of the oldest inhabitant. It is sweet to live in brotherly love, and it gives us unalloyed pleasure to record the fact that the alarm into which the public had been led by false reports in the daily press (for our weekly contemporaries never diverge from the paths of peace and truth) is all a mistake, and that the gall of alleged bitterness has given place to the balm of milk and honey. Thus, having brought order out of presumptive chaos, we propose to let the revels proceed.

.....Envious of "The Sweet Singer of Michigan," a contributor sends us the following lines on the subject of the John Brougham benefit, with the request that we give them a place in our widely-circulated journal, of which she is a twenty years' subscriber:

ORIGINAL LINES.

I was small of me age, in the days gone by,
When, in my youth, I to the theatre did hie;
It's there I first seen John Brougham the bold,
Who at that time couldn't have been no more'n nineteen years old.
It's there I first got notions of acting, I ween,
And from that day to this John Brougham an actor has been.
On the 17th of Jan., under auspices of the first families of the city,
They gave him a benefit, and more is the pity.
For the elect of the first families was the last to come up
In behalf of the man who was taken sick a short time before.
So, if my muse is not very hard-hearted,
It were well if John and the first families was parted.

.....It now appears that the Colorado plant is a Colorado beat-le, just as we told you three or four months ago. The giant was probably quite small when first planted out there; but Colorado soil is so rich that the thing growed like a mushroom, and, when its authors sought to raise it, it proved to be more weighty than the heavy man of the theatre. People are not buying stock in Cardiff-ey-Colorado plants now. Theatrical photos have become quite a salable commodity, and numbers of our best artists are engaged in passing the counterfeit presentment, among them being Bradley & Rulofson of San Francisco, Sarony, Bogardus and Brady of this city, and Mora coming!.....We stop the press to announce, in advance of all others, that the following new plays are in rehearsal in two of our first-class theatres: "Imitation Livers," a sequel to "False Lights," and "The Male Lions," by the author of "The Lyons Mail." It is said that both plays will be injuncted by the manager of a rival theatre, who claims to have purchased the right to perform the dramas in this country from a French-man! There is evidently trouble brewing in the air, and city theatrical houses fail to come to some sort of compromise, as the result will be with sad misgivings.....It may seem strange to you, but it is true that "The Barber of Seville" has not the slightest reference to a civil barber. Buy a "bookertheop," and see if we are not correct.....Mary Anderson got scared at a small mouse while acting last week in a Western theatre. It came near stopping the play, the little thing having got mixed up in the folds of her dress, and refusing to come forth when politely requested to do so. Mary Anderson a tragedienne, and getting frightened at a mouse! Oh, fie!.....We were greatly agitated last week for fear the audiences at the Grand Opera-house should emulate the example of the Philadelphia gentlemen, and by hugging the saurkrout with the performers in the wide-awake scene. Happily, our fears were groundless—probably owing to the high price of eggs and cabbages.....And talking about a "provision"-al government, there's Doctor Landis, for instance—if this actor should *fail* to draw down upon him the customary bags of flour and sacks of vegetables, he would consider that he had fallen off in his acting. Such demonstrations are not only vegetables, but bread and butter to him.

.....Not at all, Jimmy. When *The Sun* speaks of *the fraudulent count*, it has no reference to "Joannes!".....Tell you something in confidence: At the Fifth avenue Theatre, to-night, the manager intends to "Palm-a Dead Secret" on the audience. We don't hear from a man who is in "The Secret."—To the inquiry of a correspondent we desire to say that we don't think that *Ben Cotton* has ever *been Wool* in "The Hidden Hand," although he's a trump card in *any* hand.

.....Perhaps they will be friends yet—who knows? Mr. Boucicault may yet play Damon to Mr. Palmer's Pythias, figuratively if not actually. Indeed, we have a suspicion that Mr. B. is going to bury the hatchet—that is intends, henceforth, to keep his animosity towards Mr. P. a dead secret. If not, why does he call his play which is announced at the Fifth-avenue to-night, "Palma, or the Dead Secret".....And speaking of dead things, it would appear that the petrified man of Colorado was born in the wilds of Pennsylvania. That's the story which the newspapers tell, at all events; and while we do not believe in condemning anybody unheard, we must confess that it looks bad for the Coloradian. Think of baking the figure for a year! Yes, and while you are thinking, peruse these

LINES TO THE P. M. OF C.

To the petrified man of Color-
Ado we must say now adieu;
He must have cost many a dollar,
If the stories about him are true.
No more will his exploits be boasted,
Yet still there's one with a tear,
Though a part of the public he "roasted,"
He was roasted himself for a year!

.....Looking over the list of wonders at the New American Museum, it occurred to us that nature does not always bestow her gifts impartially. At the Museum, for example, they have got a double-brained child, while here is James without even—the boy is looking over our shoulder as we write, and we have not the heart to finish the sentence.....Did you ever think of the absolute power which a printer sways? Really, it is something to be proud of. A Newburn newspaper, the other day, appeared an advertisement under the amusement head in which the manager spoke of his "superb company." Imagine that manager's feelings when he found that the compositor had left off the "b," and made the line read "super company." In the present theological discussion respecting a place of future punishment, no sane man, after such a long experience as that, could assume the negative of the proposition.....We have waited patiently for a long time to see the Misses Kate and Meta Bartlett appear together on the same stage, so that we might revive our harmless joke about the luscious Bartlett pair. The opportunity has come at last, with the production of "School" at Wallack's, and it is thus we see Kate-r to the public by Meta-phor.....Now that Madame Modjeska has brought her engagement in this city to an end, it is pleasant to record the success, artistically considered, which she has achieved. Even the critics appear to have enjoyed the lady's acting, as they have certainly awarded her a liberal amount of praise. And right here we desire to say a good word in behalf of a much-maligned class. When you feel like abusing the dramatic critic, just remember that he is employed to growl. He is not permitted, like other people, to sit down to a feast of good things and partake of them for the satisfaction they afford. Far from it. His duty is to look about for the unpalatable half-pieces—the dishes in which are overdone or underdone, salads improperly seasoned, entrees inartistically served; and having found them, he is expected to make his meal off of them. Is it just—but all this has nothing to do with Modjeska. For ourselves, the only criticism we have to pass upon the Countess is that her name is very difficult to rhyme, and impossible to pun upon.....Mr. Boucicault gives place to-night at the Grand Opera-house to "The Babes in the Wood." Some beverages we know are considered better when drawn from the wood—ale, for example—but we always had a suspicion that babes were best in the bottle. That, however, is not what we intended to say. "The Babes in the Wood" will be found young and attractive, if we mistake not; and in case they are you will perceive the application of these

RHYMES FOR THE BABES.

These babes are not so saintly good
As those we read of in the story;
If they were lost in any wood,
Unlike the infants known to glory
They'd not be found by the robin's bill,
Their shapely forms, so none could view them,
But with a single leaf supplied
They'd tell the birds that that would do them!

.....Among the lecturers this season is the Rev. Mr. Affleck, an Englishman, who has been heard in this city, and who is at present wrestling with Bob Ingersoll [James wants to know if it's Greco-Roman wrestling] on questions of theology. It is not for the sake of saying that the reverend gentleman is an Affleckton to the community that we have touched upon this subject, but to refer to the title bestowed upon him by certain newspapers, viz., "The Gough of England." Gentlemen of the press, remembering that John B. Gough was born in England, perhaps it would be better call the Affleck the Gough of America. That would certainly have more go-off to it with the gallery.....It may be eminently appropriate, and all that, but the name of that new German paper—*Bayreuther Blatter*—published at Bayreuth, and devoted to Wagner and his music, will surely lead to trouble. The very first paragraph which is translated from *The Blatter* and printed in this country will be credited to *The Bayreuther Bladder*. See if it isn't.....A moment's calm reflection will convince anybody that the real cause of the late little unpleasantness was a desire on the part of a leading actor to increase his earnings. Could anything be more natural than that Mr. Thorne should wish his salary raised? And if he could get—but hold! We will versify our argument:

IN A NUTSHELL.

Of all redundant matter shorn,
The question in a nutshell lies:
An every rose has got its thorn,
Why should a Thorne not have his *rise?*

.....With a "rise" in prospect we saw it announced in our advertising columns last week, "No slouch is coming." Not two minutes afterwards a fellow came in with watery eyes and a sour look—a sort of whiskey-sour look—and wanted to borrow twenty-five cents. Perhaps he was not a slouch, but he would have made a first-rate synonym for that word.....Now, you have heard—we make bold at all events to assume that you have heard of the case of Mabel Leonard. And possibly it has not escaped your observation that the much-talked-about young lady has been brought up yet once again in the courts. Patience, brethren. While Charley Rose is still periodically found, and while Owen Murphy turns up daily in Canadian towns, let us not despair. Moreover, here is something which you may commit to memory and sing:

LITTLE MABEL.

There was a small girl named Mabel,
To act on the stage she was able;
But the law said her forte
Was to act in a court—
Which the same it is not any fable!

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

The drama of "The Iron Mask," and also the mask in which the late James W. Wallack Jr. therein played Leon, have been returned to Mr. Wallack's widow by the widow of Edwin Adams. Mrs. Wallack had given them to Mr. Adams upon the death of her husband. It is Mrs. Adams' intention to give her late husband's costumes, as well as his plays, to his professional friends.....The Springer Music Hall, Cincinnati, languishes for wings wherewith to spread out and take in exhibitions. In December, 1877, Mr. Springer offered to give $50,000 for the purpose, on condition that Cincinnati should raise $100,000. So far, but $10,000 has been subscribed.....Miss Kate Sanborn, daughter of Prof. Sanborn of Dartmouth College, is lecturing in this city. She is a grandniece of Daniel Webster. We have cheering news for the profession, who travel by rail. M. Gariliac has estimated that but one man is killed in railroad travelling to every 1,000,000 journeys that are made in that way; and consequently that it would take a man ten hours a day for 7,439 years to get killed, even though the speed were forty miles an hour. This is certainly assuring to those actors who travel on the rail. But how about that vast number who oftentimes have to travel alongside of 167 cases of "Miss Pearl Eytinge," as Laura in "School," has caught the metropolitan fancy, and that of the ladies especially by the cut of her dress in the back. Miss Stella Boniface, who has Mrs. Chas. Jennings' original role of Bella, is lengthening the mark of merit first credited to her in "Marriage," and then extended in "False Shame"..... The remains of Miss Lilly Devenport were transferred on Jan. 23 from Philadelphia to Greenwood Cemetery, L. I. Miss May Davenport and ex-Councilman Cyrus Horn of Philadelphia accompanied them.....Piper's New Opera-house, Virginia City, Nev., is reaching "No. 167 on the list" from the brush of W. T. Porter. This veteran artist states that once, when he painted the Alpine glaciers in "No Thoroughfare," the temperature in the dressing-room fell ten degrees as soon as the curtain was raised. We remember the circumstance almost as clearly as many people recall things that never happened. The actor who, as Master George, walked up the glacier has frost-bitten feet to-day, and the actor who played Obenreizer has never recovered from the effects of the brandy taken to warm the cockles of a heart frozen stiff when he rolled down Porter's glacier.....Mme. Helena Modjeska returns to Poland in January, 1879.....Alice Burville, recently here with the Lydia Thompson Troupe, has gone to the Philharmonic, London, to do the title-role in "Genevieve de Brabant."..... Alberto Mazzucato, an Italian singing-master of almost world-wide repute, and among whose pupils nearly forty years ago was Sims Reeves, has just died in Milan, where he was director of the Conservatory.....Look on this picture, which we declined to exhibit last week: "Harry Guion, leading man of the Coliseum Theatre, this city, committed suicide on the 14th inst., by a drug called hydro-chloral. Great sympathy is felt for him, as he was a man of good education and refinement. Family troubles are said to be the cause. He belonged to no order but Nature's nobiemen—a genial, affable fellow. God rest his memory!" Signed by the proprietor of Farmers' Hotel, Cincinnati," dated "Cincinnati, Jan. 15, 1878," and addressed "EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER." And now look on this:

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 23, 1878.

DEAR CLIPPER.—You cannot imagine my astonishment when I read the announcement of my sudden demise in your time-honored paper. I am very glad that you have given the report precedence, for there is no foundation in it whatever. The report has evidently been circulated by some malicious person, in order to injure me. I am happy to state that I am still alive, and hope to be for many years, by your Great Father to visit "the happy hunting-grounds." Very respectfully, HARRY GUION.

Leading man Coliseum, Cincinnati, O.

We will add that the report of Mr. Guion's death also reached Philadelphia. Our correspondent in that city went to the trouble of kindly writing a brief resume of Mr. G.'s career there, which we declined to print because, as we stated, it was to speak graciously of the dead and find that the lines have been wasted. Suppose, now, that Messrs. Shillir and Galon compare notes and ascertain who the "malicious person" is.....Chief Matheny's pocket-book rumor that he is about to retire from the stage. As used to be said of Chief-Justice Roger B. Taney, he may die, but he will never resign.....Charles A. Stevenson of Kate Claxton's Combination sailed last week for England, followed by the death of a relative.....Nearly twenty-seven years ago, at Tripler Hall, this city, an Italian lady announced her first and only harp concert in America. She was then a prima donna, and has been many times re-discovered since then.....Now she is playing the harp in Italian in the orchestra of the Strakosch Opera Troupe, and is to be honored for it. She is the wife of Max Maretzek, who, when a leading manager for the Adams-Pappenheim Troupe.....Our "Foreign Drama" announces the death of Frederick Dewar. This comedian made his London debut Oct. 29, 1860, as Sir Joseph Ruddy, in "The Turnstile," in "Up at the Hills." The late John Lewis Baker engaged him for this country while he was playing at the Prince of Wales, London. He first appeared here at Niblo's Garden, and Wood's Museum. His American debut was at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, and his reappearance in England was at the Surrey, as Jack Sheppard.....Mr. Sol Smith Russell, "R. E. S.," of which part he was in that country what Stuart Robson has been in this. He was about forty years old.....Miss Agnes Ethel is still in Paris.....Miss Clara Devereux, Miss Constance Conley for a debut in "Frou Frou."..... Miss Gertrude Corbett, vocalist, sailed from here for Liverpool on Jan. 26. It is her intention to appear abroad in opera.....It is proposed to give a benefit in Paris to Mme. Ponisi, sick, and seventy-eight years old. He played but a few months ago, and has been in harness sixty years.....Irish song supporters are numerous, but the record number was ninety one.....The illness that a few months ago was thought would prove fatal to Carlotta Patti has been baffled by a surgical operation.....On the first night of her celebrated appearance in Paris, Italy, as Violetta in "La Traviata," the receipts were $6,000. At her next appearance, which was as Rosina, the figures fell to $3,120.....A line in our foreign department records the death of Mr. Bunnett, which occurred on the 23d ult., very long-ago. For many years, while his brother Benjamin was lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, London, he was its stage-manager. He was, we believe, the first to introduce the "Bunnett" whose name is now resulting from burns while dancing at Drury-lane in 1844, sent a thrill of horror through the amusement going community. For quite a number of years prior to his death he was professor of the Royal Dramatic College, London.....Frederick Clay, English ballad-composer, contemplates making an American tour.....Ernst Perabo the pianist will shortly leave Philadelphia for Europe.....The Star-spangled Banner was sung by the American prima-donna Mlle. Giulia Valda, at the close of the first act of "Lucia." The Duchess of Edinburgh occupied the Governor's box, while in that of the Chief Secretary, Sir Victor Houlton, sat Grant and his family.....The opera of "Freischutz" was sung at the Germania Hall Stadttheatre, Hoboken, Jersey City, on Sunday night, Jan. 27. The hall was crowded, and the prima-donna was singing the aria of "Agatha," when a terrific howl was raised in the body of the house. The audience, resembling wildly, screeching unintelligible German, jumping over one another, etc. The manager, only half clad, rushed from behind the scenes, and commanded everybody to sit down. Gradually the usual order was restored, when it was ascertained that the row was caused by the stubbornness of a colossal German who refused to remove a high silk hat from his head so that the Hoboken audience might see the performance.....Of "La Cigale," which in England has been imitatively termed "The Grasshopper," has thus far had a run of upwards of one hundred nights at Offenbach's Bouffes Parisiens. Albani's debut in the Parisian capital was to have been made on Jan. 15, as Lucia, with M. Capoul as chief support.....Victorien Sardeu's new play has been by him named "Marquise.".....Madleson has brought out Flotow's "L'Ombra" at Her Majesty's, London.....Mapleson's "The Veteran" is in preparation at our Grand Opera-house, where it has never yet been produced.....The story of "Fromont and Risler," originally published in this country in THE CLIPPER, about two years ago, and a short time afterwards dramatized for McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, is being "doctored" by a New York critic, and is announced for production at Fisk's Fifth-avenue Theatre.....Jeff Brougham, as soon as rheumatism permits, will become a member of the company at Wallack's Theatre.....Mrs. Edwin Adams will pass what is called the Winter with Joseph Jefferson, Jr., at the latter's Louisiana plantation.....The English Glee Club, on Jan. 30, will begin a series of concerts at Chickering Hall, this city.....Pauline Lucca was hissed off the stage at Madrid, Spain, Jan. 19, on which night she received $1,400 per night, the prices had to be raised. She resigned her contract.....Christine Nilsson has contracted for a concert tour through Austria.

CITY SUMMARY.

MISS CLARA MORRIS is once more underlined to act at the Broadway Theatre, and will probably follow Alfred Dampier.

COLVILLE'S FOLLY COMPANY are to begin a two weeks' engagement in the Grand Opera-house Jan. 28, supporting Babes in the Wood."

ALFRED DAMPIER, who recently arrived from Australia, is to make his first appearance in this city Jan. 28 at the Broadway Theatre, impersonating Joseph Lesurques and Dubosc in "The Lyons Mail."

PAULINE MOONEY, Miss Fanny Beane, Avery and Larue, Bryant and Williams, and Harry Woodson are the fresh people at the Theatre Comique Jan. 28.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE "My Precious Betsey" and "The Dead Secret" are to be produced Jan. 28. George Clarke is to make his first appearance since his return from England, and the singing of the troupe is noticeable for its excellence, and the olio is made up of a melange which contains something that will please all tastes. Backus, Birch, Thatcher and Hart, four of the best comedians in the business, furnish abundant food for mirth.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN "The Duke's Motto" still enchants the attention of the numerous throngs of spectators that nightly grace the auditorium. The drama is well acted and mounted, the management having spared neither labor nor expense in the preparation of the costumes, scenery and appointments.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS' METROPOLITAN CIRCUS sailed for Havana, Cuba, in the steamship City of Washington, Jan. 23. The company includes Chas. W. Fish, Romeo Sebastian, Jeannette Armstrong, Emma Jutau, Mlle. Vellefez, Fanny Caselli, Mlle. Victorine, Fred O'Brien, Frank Gardner, the Kenebel Brothers, Pico, O'Brien Children, Herr Drayton, Thomas Clifford, Livingston Brothers, Master Sebastian, Harry Seeley, Wm. Donavan, James Stowe, the Orrin Brothers and twenty horses. They are to open in Havana, Cuba, Feb. 1, under canvas, and perform also in the Plaza de Toros on the afternoon of feast days.

ALF BURNETT and Helen Nash are still performing at the Cooper Institute Dime Concerts. They can be engaged to give special entertainments. See advertisement in another column.

NELLY AND BILLY HASSAN, Jeffrey and Coyle, the Devere Brothers, Ida Morris, and Bonnie Runnells are the fresh people billed at the London for this week.

CAVERLY & IVESON have succeeded Carlisle & Caverly in the dramatic-agency business, which will be conducted at the same address. The present managers announce that they will retain all the interests of the old firm, and will endeavor to enlarge and make their establishment as complete as possible. The dramatic branch of this agency will have the special attention of one of the managers. The offices will shortly be removed to more commodious quarters. Those qualifying for the stage can be coached in every specialty pertaining to the dramatic and lyric art.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, after Feb. 11, first-class talent of all kinds is wanted in the dramatic, variety, and musical lines. See Manager Everett's card.

HARRY MINER is to build a theatre in the Bowery, near Broome street. Work will be commenced early in May next.

A VARIETY OLIO constituted the attractions at the Theatre Comique last week, all of the performers, save Harrigan and Hart and the regular stock company, being fresh arrivals. An old sketch with a new name—"Tickle Me Under the Chin"—opened the bill, and being capitally acted by Johnny Shay as the central figure, supported by G. W. H. Griffin, Ed. Burt and Annie Mack, put the spectators in a pleasant state of mind. Teresa and Alfred Springer sang a "coal duet," which won for them a recall. Thatcher and Hume, hard-working acrobatic song-and-dance men, introduced some novel grotesque attitudes during their break-neck business. J. C. Long gave feats of light and heavy balancing; J. D. Boome prefaced some good banjo-songs with witty remarks, funny stories,

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Jan. 20, is as follows:

The fourth and last week of "The Black Crook" at the California Theatre closed 19, in presence of a large audience. "A Trip to the Moon" 21, with new scenery by Wm. Voegtlin, new dances by the Kiraly ballet, and scientific mechanism by John Torrence. Sig. Majeroni in "The Old Corporal," Feb. 4. ....."The General Crook," as presented at Baldwin's Theatre the past week, by C. R. Thorne Jr. and the New York company, has put no money in the purse of the manager, nor added to the artistic reputation of the several actors. Towards the close of the week they suddenly became conscious of the fact that business was falling off, and there was considerable improvement in the acting. Walden Ramsay presents "The Marble Heart" for his benefit to-night, when Mr. Thorne will play Raphael and Millie Wilton Marco. "Pink Dominos" 21, 22, "Led Astray" for Maud Harrison's benefit matinee 23. The engagement of the company will conclude 26. McKee Rankin with "The Danites" is announced to shortly appear. At Grand Opera house the French military drama of "Regiment of Champagne" has attracted fair houses during the week. The action of the play takes place in 1712, and relates to the events of the Huguenot war in that period. The plot unfolds the fortunes of Captain Roger of the regiment, who is a son of Count de Pardaillan, a proscribed Huguenot nobleman, by a secret marriage. His mother dying, he was given to the care of Sergeant Fanfare. The Count has another son, Bernard, whom he has disowned, because the latter has renounced his religious faith. Both the young men are in love with the Countess Eliane, a Huguenot lady, in favor at the court of Louis XIV. Roger is now, MY, an officer serving the interests of the Dutch Government. Bernard has seduced a young girl named Therese, in a French frontier village, whom he afterwards deserts. The Countess Eliane's carriage breaks down near Therese's house, and she takes temporary refuge therein. There she meets Roger, the Count de Pardaillan, and Chevalier, a proscribed journalist, who have also sought shelter in the French army being encamped in the vicinity. Roger declares his love for the Countess, and is told by her that she cannot love a man unless she fears him. Jealousy, fears, and, finding Roger with the Countess, high words pass between them. The blast of the bugle interrupts the quarrel. Bernard gives Roger, as a *gage de guerre*, a glove with the Pardaillan crest on it, and by consequence this with it was given him by his dying mother Roger discovers the secret of his parentage. The grand scene of "The Defense of the Standard" follows, in which Bernard, after a severe struggle, remain masters of the field. In the third act Bernard is told by Chevalier that he must not fight with Roger, as he is his brother. After which Bernard's great object is to obtain and destroy the papers proving Roger's legitimacy and relationship to himself. Roger is acknowledged by his father, and is about to receive the papers establishing his identity, when the house is surrounded by Bernard's soldiers in pursuit of the prosecuted. Everybody escapes except Chevalier, who is stabbed by Bernard. In the next act Roger receives the papers, and the Countess endeavors to persuade him to desert the King's service and join the Huguenot cause; but Roger rejects her solicitations, and calls her attention to the fact that she falls at his feet, suing for mercy and professing her love for him. The Count is given the command of the regiment, and the final scene opens on the position of the French army before Landrecie. The Countess has obtained the plan of the proposed tactics of the French commander, and is about to send it to Prince Eugene. Her love for Roger, however, leads her to give up the idea of betraying his coreligionists, and she poisons herself, first acquainting Bernard of her having abandoned her traitorous intention. Bernard determines to carry the information himself, but is confronted by Roger, who opposes his passage. They fight, and Bernard slays his brother. Roger is horror-struck, exclaims that the mark of Cain is upon him. The Count, who has witnessed the duel unobserved, gives his sword to Bernard, and tells him in triumph that he has saved the family honor from being stained by a traitor. The curtain falls on the death of the Count, who, by the death of the Baron, is now Count. The costuming of the characters showed ignorance on somebody's part, but a grand display of real horses, real cannon, real soldiers, guns and gunpowder, fine scenery and martial music did much to excuse many decided dramatic faults in the production. The acting of Annie Pixley, James H. Barrows, and Charles Stanley deserves mention, and in all instances the names of remainder actors are withheld. Minnie Walton was cast for the leading female character, but abruptly severed her connection with the theatre on account of some difficulty with the manager. A series of cheap Sunday concerts, under the direction of T. H. Widmer, are to be inaugurated in this city, commencing on the 27th, available to the music-loving house. Adah Richmond Burlesque Company produced "The Three Musket-Dears" and "Kenilworth" during the past week to paying houses. A generous display of the female leg seems to have become an absolute condition to the existence of the average burlesque, and also its principal apparent attraction. Miss Richmond is gifted with a small voice and a rather handsome presence. Miss Catherine Lewis' singing is remarkably sweet and expressive. The next—and last—week of the company's engagement will be occupied by "Ixion" and "Bad Dickey, or Richard the Three." The widow of John De Angelis, minstrel, will receive a complimentary benefit on the occasion of the company's last night. The entire minstrel profession of the city have volunteered. Madame Rentz's Female Minstrels are to open in the Bush Street Theatre 25. ....."Professor Hartz, the Ticket-of-leave Man" is undergoing a fair impersonation at the hands of Frank Cleaves, A. C. Moreland, Marie Zoel and Rose Melville, at Wood's Museum. Bernard Dyllyn will appear in their laughable sketch "Taking the Pledge," and John Hart, James Webster and the Elvin Sisters are popular in their several acts. ....Lulu Delmay, Fanny Young, W. C. Crosbie and H. R. Archer are doing "The Ticket-of-leave Man" at Bella Union Theatre. Fred J. Mackley, formerly of the Adah Richmond Company, will re-enter the engagement at Folly 28. The Folly burlesque company at Metropolitan Temple have not been successful. ....J. H. Vinson, James A. Herne, Georgie Woodthorpe, John Jack and Annie Firmin have arrived in town from Portland, Oregon, after a very severe passage. ....Fanny Buckingham is playing Mazeppa in Portland, Oregon, as he is in his brother, Adam Forepaugh

RATES.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

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Chronology of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1877.

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THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
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EDITOR CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: Seeing announced in the last issue of your paper the willingness of Mr. Fred O'Brien to compete with me in a leaping contest, for money or fame, I am only too happy and eager to meet him; and to satisfy him that I mean business, you will please find inclosed fifty dollars ($50) as a forfeit, to have the contest come off, leaping to be as follows, viz.:
FIRST, To leap from regular leaping bar and board (not a trampoline board).
SECOND, Long Leap.
THIRD, High Leap.
FOURTH, Double Somersaults, height and distance, over objects, horses, elephants, or in fact anything that may please Mr. O'Brien.
Now, Mr. O'Brien, as you are so desirous of being called the champion leaper of the world, come to the front. I will compete with you for from $50 to $1,000. I and money always ready. Very respectfully yours,
FRANK A. GARDNER.
N. B.—I will take this opportunity to state that I am now engaged to the Orrin Bros.' Circus in Cuba for a short season, after which I am engaged to the Great London Show, which opens at Gilmore's Garden on or about March 11, which place would be a very desirable one for the contest to take place. Thanking managers very kindly for past favors and proffered engagements, I am very respectfully, etc.,
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"FALSE LIGHT" will compare favorably with many other society-plays which have received popular favor, and Miss Gray's impersonation of Agnes Harwood surpassed any of her previous efforts.—ALBANY EVENING TIMES.

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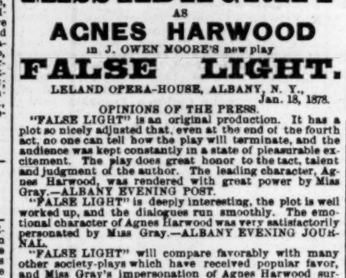

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